THE POCKET UNIVERSITY

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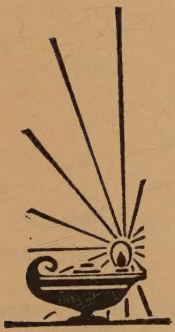
DRAMA



VOLUME XI

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CONTENTS

PAGE

MRS. MALAPROP AND HER NIECE 1
Richard Brinsley Sheridan

A GLIMPSE INTO ARCADIA 7
W. S. Gilbert

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN 29
William Shakespeare

FALSTAFF AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN . . . 37
William Shakespeare

FAUST AND MARGARET 59
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

TARTUFFE 70
Molière

ELECTRA AND ORESTES 159
Sophocles

AT THE HOUSE OF HARDCASTLE 174
Oliver Goldsmith

SAMSON AND DALILA 194
John Milton

ROXANE AND CYRANO 207
Edmond Rostand

BRÜNNHILDE AND WOTAN 222
Richard Wagner

INTRODUCTION

Of all forms of literature the one most difficult to present in short episodes is drama. To begin with, it is written to be watched, not read, and the unit is the play and not a single scene. You and I would much rather go out now to a theatre and see a play than sit at home and read one, but since that, at the moment, is impossible, let us turn our attention to what we have here and see what we can get out of it. The selections are from the most famous of dramas, from the time of the glorious age of Greek tragedy, through the German musical drama, through Goethe, through Shakespeare, through Milton, through Rostand. We might go into detail and explain every selection, but it is our hope that each one explains—and justifies—itself.

MRS. MALAPROP AND HER NIECE

No one has ever used words with such delicious inappropriateness as Mrs. Malaprop, who in the scene which follows discusses her niece, Lydia Languish, with Sir Anthony Absolute. She and Sir Anthony have arranged a match between Lydia and young Capt. Absolute, but Lydia's affections in the meanwhile are engaged elsewhere. At least, so Lydia thinks, not knowing that the young man who has been making love to her is really Capt. Absolute under a different name.

The scene is Mrs. Malaprop's lodging.

MRS. MALAPROP. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

LYDIA. Madam, I thought you once—

MRS. MALAPROP. You thought, miss! I don't know any business you have to think at all—thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

LYDIA. Ah, madam! our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS. MALAPROP. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTHONY. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading!

LYDIA. What crime, madam, have I committed, to be treated thus?

MRS. MALAPROP. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friends' choosing?

LYDIA. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS. MALAPROP. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor—and yet, miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed! But suppose we

were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYDIA. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS. MALAPROP. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

LYDIA. Willingly, ma'am—I cannot change for the worse. [*Exit.*

MRS. MALAPROP. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTHONY. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am,—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, by Heaven! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

MRS. MALAPROP. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

SIR ANTHONY. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress!

MRS. MALAPROP. Those are vile places, indeed!

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year!—and

depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.

MRS. MALAPROP. Fy, fy, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

MRS. MALAPROP. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments— But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she might be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of

what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate—you say you have no objection to my proposal?

MRS. MALAPROP. None, I assure you. I am under no positive engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obstinate against him, perhaps your son may have better success.

SIR ANTHONY. Well, madam, I will write for the boy directly. He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

MRS. MALAPROP. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

SIR ANTHONY. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the least demur puts me in a frenzy directly. My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this";—if he demurred, I knocked him down— and if he

grumbled at that, I always sent him out of the room.

MRS. MALAPROP. Ah, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to your people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent her to the captain as an object not altogether illegible.

SIR ANTHONY. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I must leave you; and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl.—Take my advice—keep a tight hand; if she rejects this proposal, clap her under lock and key; and if you were just to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about.

[*Exit.*

From "The Rivals" by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

A GLIMPSE INTO ARCADIA

The scene is an Arcadian landscape. A river runs across the back of the stage.

[*Enter Fairies, led by* LELIA, CELIA, FLETA. *They trip across the stage, singing as they dance.*]

CHORUS

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring.

SOLO—CELIA

We are dainty little fairies,
Ever singing, ever dancing;
We indulge in our vagaries
In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function
Of our never-ceasing motion,
We reply, without compunction,
That we haven't any notion.
No, we haven't any notion.

CHORUS Tripping hither, etc.

SOLO—LEILA

If you ask us how we live,
Lovers all essentials give:
We can ride on lovers' sighs,
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,
Clothe ourselves in lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts,
Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts.
When you know us, you'll discover
That we almost live on lover.

CHORUS Tripping hither, etc.

[*At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.*]

CELIA. Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.

LELIA. Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

FLETA. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

LELIA. Something awful: she married a mortal.

FLETA. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

LEILA. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of

the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

CELIA. But Iolanthe didn't die.

[*Enter* QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.]

QUEEN. No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

LELIA. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

QUEEN. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the pleasant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never intended that she should go and live at the bottom of that stream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the discomfort she must have undergone.

LELIA. To think of the damp! And her chest was always delicate.

QUEEN. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any peace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among the frogs.

FLETA. Then why not summon her and ask her?

QUEEN. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should forgive her at once.

CELIA. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! It's a long time.

LEILA. Think how we loved her!

QUEEN. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, she was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to dive into a dewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? Iolanthe!

LELIA. She certainly did surprising things.

FLETA. Oh, give her back to us, great queen—for your sake, if not for ours. [*All kneel in supplication.*]

QUEEN [*irresolute*]. Oh, I should be strong, but I am weak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment has been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she should live among the frogs. And— Well! well! it shall be as you wish.

INVOCATION

QUEEN. Iolanthe!

ALL. From thy dark exile thou art summoned;
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!

[IOLANTHE *rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She ap-*

proaches the QUEEN *with head bent and arms crossed.*]

IOLANTHE. With humble breast,
And every hope laid low,
To thy behest,
Offended queen, I bow.

QUEEN. For a dark sin against our fairy laws
We sent thee into lifelong banishment;
But Mercy holds her sway within our hearts:
Rise, thou are pardoned!

IOLANTHE. Pardoned?

ALL. Pardoned!

IOLANTHE. Ah!

[*Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The* QUEEN *places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.*]

CHORUS. Welcome to our hearts again,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
We have shared thy bitter pain,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
Iolanthe!

QUEEN. And now tell me: with all the world

to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

IOLANTHE. To be near my son, Strephon.

QUEEN. Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

IOLANTHE. He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

FLETA. How old is he?

IOLANTHE. Twenty-four.

LELIA. Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think you had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of the advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is he pretty?

IOLANTHE. He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.

ALL [*disappointed*]. Oh!

QUEEN. I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.

CELIA. And what is he?

IOLANTHE. He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a ward in Chancery.

CELIA. A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!

IOLANTHE. He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal.

CELIA. Dear me!

QUEEN. I have no reason to suppose that I am more curious than other people, but I confess I should like to see a person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs are mortal.

IOLANTHE. Nothing easier, for here he comes.

[*Enter* STREPHON, *singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet. He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.*]

SONG—STREPHON

Good-morrow, good mother;
Good mother, good-morrow!
By some means or other
Pray banish your sorrow!
With joy beyond telling
My bosom is swelling,
So join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure,
For I'm to be married to-day, to-day—
Yes, I'm to be married to-day.
CHORUS. Yes, he's to be married to-day, to-day—
Yes, he's to be married to-day.

IOLANTHE. Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his consent to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

STREPHON. Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get

out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her to-day, and brave the upshot, be what it may!—[*Sees Fairies.*] But who are these?

IOLANTHE. Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

STREPHON. Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

IOLANTHE. And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

STREPHON. Your sisters? Then they are my aunts [*kneels*].

QUEEN. A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding-day!

STREPHON. Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

LELIA. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

STREPHON. Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half

grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

QUEEN. I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see: I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

IOLANTHE. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

STREPHON. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see, down to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined description, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and on a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby. You see, they're two to one, which is a strong working majority.

QUEEN. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned as a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar care.

STREPHON. [*bowing*]. I see Your Majesty does not do things by halves.

QUEEN. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

ENSEMBLE

QUEEN. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
FAIRIES. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.

QUEEN. Shouldst thou be in doubt or danger,
Peril or perplexitee,
Call us, and we'll come to thee—
FAIRIES. Call us, and we'll come to thee.
Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must now be taking wing
To another fairy ring.

[*Fairies and* QUEEN *trip off,* IOLANTHE, *who takes an affectionate farewell of her son, going off last.*]

[*Enter* PHYLLIS, *singing and dancing, and accompanying herself on a flageolet.*]

SONG—PHYLLIS

Good-morrow, good lover;
Good lover, good-morrow!
I prithee discover,
Steal, purchase, or borrow,
Some means of concealing
The care you are feeling,
And join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure;
For we're to be married to-day, to-day—
For we're to be married to-day.
BOTH. Yes, we're to be married, etc.

STREPHON. My Phyllis! And to-day we're to be made happy forever!

PHYLLIS. Well, we're to be married.

STREPHON. It's the same thing.

PHYLLIS. Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

STREPHON. Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here, look at that [*offering mirror*], and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?

PHYLLIS. No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.

STREPHON. Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

PHYLLIS. Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

STREPHON. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

PHYLLIS. The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

STREPHON. Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish! No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

DUET—PHYLLIS *and* STREPHON

PHYLLIS. None shall part us from each other;
One in love and life are we—
All in all to one another,
I to thee and thou to me.

PHYLLIS	STREPHON
Thou the tree, and I the flower;	I the tree, and thou the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;	I the idol, thou the throng;
Thou the day, and I the hour;	I the day, and thou the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;	I the singer, thou the song;
Thou the stream, and I the willow	I the stream, and thou the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;	I the sculptor, thou the clay;
Thou the ocean, I the billow;	I the ocean, thou the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.	I the sunrise, thou the day.

PHYLLIS. Ever thine since that fond meeting,
When in joy I woke to find
Thine the heart within me beating—
Mine the love that heart enshrined.

PHYLLIS

Thou the tree, and I the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;
Thou the day, and I the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;
Thou the stream, and I the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;
Thou the ocean, I the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.

STREPHON

I the tree, and thou the flower;
I the idol, thou the throng;
I the day, and thou the hour;
I the singer, thou the song;
I the stream, and thou the willow;
I the sculptor, thou the clay;
I the ocean, thou the billow;
I the sunrise, thou the day.

[*Exeunt* STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS.]

[*March. Enter procession of Peers, headed by the* EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT *and* EARL OF TOLLOLLER.]

CHORUS

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
Tantantara!
Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
Tzing!
As upon its lordly way

This unique procession passes!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
Bow, ye lower, middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!

[*Enter the* LORD CHANCELLOR, *followed by his train-bearer.*]

SONG—LORD CHANCELLOR

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent:
It has no kind of fault or flaw;
And I, my lords, embody the law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
All are agreeable girls, and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!
ALL. A pleasant, etc.

But, though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;

For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;
But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!

ALL. Which rather, etc.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!

ALL. Which is, etc.

[*Enter* LORD TOLLOLLER.]

LORD TOLLOLLER. And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to the business of the day?

LORD CHANCELLOR. By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward of court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that you have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever one of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lord has gone to her cottage to request her immediate attend-

ance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have the misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young person. My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitution. Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no more. If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatingly award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that I know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptionally happy. But such an award would be open to misconstruction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenience, I waive my claim.

LORD TOLLOLLER. My lord, I desire, on the part of this House, to express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's most painful position.

LORD CHANCELLOR. I thank your lordships. The feelings of a Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court are not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give his own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? Can he marry his own ward without his own consent? And if he marries his own ward without his own consent, can he commit himself for contempt of his own court? can he appear by counsel before himself to move for arrest by his own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these.

[*Enter* LORD MOUNT ARARAT.]

LORD MOUNT ARARAT. My lords, I have the pleasure to inform your lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the young lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

[*Enter* PHYLLIS.]

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

My well-loved lord and guardian dear,
You summoned me, and I am here.

CHORUS OF PEERS.

Oh, rapture! how beautiful!
How gentle! how dutiful!

SOLO—LORD TOLLOLLER

Of all the young ladies I know,
This pretty young lady's the fairest;
Her lips have the rosiest show,
Her eyes are the richest and rarest.
Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But of birth and position I've plenty;
I've a grammar and spelling for two,
And blood and behaviour for twenty.

CHORUS. Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But he's grammar and spelling for two;
Of birth and position he's plenty,
With blood and behaviour for twenty.

SOLO—EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT

Though the views of the House have diverged
On every conceivable motion,
All questions of party are merged
In a frenzy of love and devotion.
If you ask us distinctly to say
What party we claim to belong to,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
The party I'm singing this song to.

CHORUS. If you ask us distinctly to say,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
That the party we claim we belong to
Is the party we're singing this song to.

SOLO—PHYLLIS

I'm very much pained to refuse,
But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors;
I can spell all the words that I use,
And my grammar's as good as my neighbour's.
As for birth, I was born like the rest;
My behaviour is rustic, but hearty;
And I know where to turn for the best.
When I want a particular party.

CHORUS. Though her station is none of the best,
We suppose she was born like the rest;
And she knows where to look for her hearty
When she wants a particular party.

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

PHYLLIS. Nay, tempt me not:
To wealth I'll not be bound:
In lowly cot
Alone is virtue found.

ALL. No, no, indeed; high rank will never hurt you:
The peerage is not destitute of virtue.

BALLAD—LORD TOLLOLLER

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame;
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!

When virtuous love is sought,
Thy power is naught,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood! ah, blue blood.

CHORUS. When virtuous love, etc.

Spare us the bitter pain,
With stern denials,
Nor with low-born disdain
Augment our trials.
Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
Of what avail art thou
To serve us now,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood? ah, blue blood!

CHORUS. Of what avail art thou, etc.

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

My lords, it may not be;
With grief my heart is riven;
You waste your words on me.
For, ah! my heart is given.

ALL. Given?

PHYLLIS. Yes, given!

ALL. Oh, horror!

RECITATIVE—LORD CHANCELLOR

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure?
And thus defy our definite command?

[*Enter* STREPHON; PHYLLIS *rushes to his arms.*]

STREPHON.

'Tis I, young Strephon; mine the priceless treasure;
Against the world I claim my darling's hand.

ALL. Ah! rash one, tremble!
STREPHON. A shepherd I—
ALL. A shepherd he!
STREPHON. Of Arcady—
ALL. Of Arcadee!
STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS. Betrothed are we!
ALL. Betrothed are they—
STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS. And mean to be
Espoused to-day.

ENSEMBLE

STREPHON	THE OTHERS
A shepherd I	A shepherd he
Of Arcady;	Of Arcadee;
Betrothed are we	Betrothed is he,
And mean to be	And means to be
Espoused to-day.	Espoused to-day.

LORD CHANCELLOR. Ah! rash one, tremble!

DUET—LORD MOUNT *and* LORD TOLLOLLER. [*aside to Peers*].

'Neath this blow,
Worse than stab of dagger,
Though we mo-
mentarily stagger,
In each heart
Proud are we innately:
Let's depart,
Dignified and stately—
ALL. Let's depart,
Dignified and stately.

CHORUS OF PEERS

Though our hearts she's badly bruising
In another suitor choosing,
Let's pretend it's most amusing.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! tzing! boom!

From "Iolanthe" by
W. S. GILBERT.

THE MURDER OF DUNCAN

The two generals, Macbeth and his friend, Banquo, crossing a blasted heath after their victory over the king of Norway, are greeted by three witches who predict that Macbeth will one day be thane of Cawdor and after that king of Scotland. Almost as soon as they disappear messengers arrive from the actual king, Duncan, to say that on the death of the thane of Cawdor he has given that estate to Macbeth. This excites Macbeth's ambition to such an extent that when Duncan, and his two sons, Malcom and Donalbain, come with their retinue, to spend the night with him, he and his wife take advantage of the occasion to bring about the death of the king. Banquo and his son, Fleance, are also guests of Macbeth. The scene which we have chosen is the one in which the murder takes place. Lady Macbeth has gone to drug the attendants so as to clear the way for her husband.

The scene is the court of Macbeth's Castle.

[*Enter* BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *bearing a torch before him.*

BANQUO. How goes the night, boy?

FLEANCE. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

BANQUO. And she goes down at twelve.

FLEANCE. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

BANQUO. Hold; take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that, too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep.—Merciful Powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—
[*Enter* MACBETH, *and a* SERVANT *with a torch.*]
Give me my sword.—
Who's there?

MACBETH. A friend.

BANQUO. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed—
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess—and shut up
In measureless content.

MACBETH. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

BANQUO. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters;
To you they have show'd some truth.

MACBETH. I think not of them.
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

BANQUO. At your kind'st leisure.

MACBETH. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

BANQUO. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.
MACBETH. Good repose the while!
BANQUO. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
MACBETH. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle towards my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest;—I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. *Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—
Hark! Peace!—
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern'st good night.[1] He is about it;
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

MACBETH. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!

LADY MACBETH. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.—

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

My husband!

MACBETH. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

MACBETH. When?

LADY MACBETH. Now.

MACBETH. As I descended?

LADY MACBETH. Ay.

MACBETH. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

[1] The hooting of the owl is even now heard by many persons with superstitious dread, as an ominous cry.

LADY MACBETH. Donalbain.

MACBETH. This is a sorry sight.

[*Looking on his hands.*

LADY MACBETH. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

LADY MACBETH. There are two lodg'd together.

MACBETH. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen!" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say "Amen!"
When they did say "God bless us!"

LADY MACBETH. Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

LADY MACBETH. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

LADY MACBETH. What do you mean?

MACBETH. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

LADY MACBETH. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*

MACBETH. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

[*Reënter* LADY MACBETH.]

LADY MACBETH. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed;
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
MACBETH. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.— [*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*

From "Macbeth" by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FALSTAFF AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN

Young Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales, finds his greatest delight, not among the noblemen about his father's court but among the dissolute frequenters of the Boar's Head Tavern, Poins, Peto, Gadshill, Bardolph, and chief of them all, the chief comic character of all time, Sir John Falstaff. This group of rogues, including Prince Hal, have executed a robbery on some pilgrims bound for Canterbury. The manner of it was this: Falstaff, Peto, Bardolph, and Gadshill robbed them; then the Prince and Poins, in disguise and in jest, robbed the robbers, and easily enough, at that, for they fled in terror after the first blow or two. Now the Prince and Poins are waiting at the Boar's Head Tavern for Falstaff and his cohorts, wondering what tale of great valour they will bring with them.

The Scene is The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

[*Enter the* PRINCE *and* POINS.]

PRINCE. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat-room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already

upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me!—and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten the name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS. Francis!

PRINCE. Thou are perfect.

POINS. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

[*Enter* FRANCIS.]

FRANCIS. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

PRINCE. Come hither, Francis.

FRANCIS. My lord?

PRINCE. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

FRANCIS. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS [*within*]. Francis!

FRANCIS. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRANCIS. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS [*within*]. Francis!

FRANCIS. Anon, sir.

PRINCE. How old art thou, Francis?

FRANCIS. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS [*within*]. Francis!

FRANCIS. Anon, sir.—Pray stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

FRANCIS. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

PRINCE. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS [*within*]. Francis!

FRANCIS. Anon, anon.

PRINCE. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

FRANCIS. My lord?

PRINCE. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

FRANCIS. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRANCIS. What, sir?

POINS [*within*]. Francis!

PRINCE. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; he stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

[*Enter* VINTNER.]

VINTNER. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.— [*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with

half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

PRINCE. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

[*Re-enter* POINS.]

POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

PRINCE. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—

[*Re-enter* FRANCIS.]

What 's o'clock, Francis?

FRANCIS. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

PRINCE. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a

drench," says he; and answers "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."—I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

[*Enter* FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*]

POINS. Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

FALSTAFF. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

PRINCE. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

FALSTAFF. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old;

God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

PRINCE. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

PRINCE. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF. Are not you a coward? answer me to that,—and Poins there?

POINS. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FALSTAFF. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

FALSTAFF. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

PRINCE. What's the matter?

FALSTAFF. What's the matter! there be four

of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF. Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE. What, a hundred, man?

FALSTAFF. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

PRINCE. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADSHILL. We four set upon some dozen—

FALSTAFF. Sixteen at least, my lord.

GADSHILL. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FALSTAFF. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADSHILL. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

FALSTAFF. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE. What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am

a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

PRINCE. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

FALSTAFF. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

PRINCE. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FALSTAFF. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FALSTAFF. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

PRINCE. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF. In buckram?

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FALSTAFF. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF. Do so, for it is worth the listening

to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

PRINCE. So, two more already.

FALSTAFF. Their points being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.

FALSTAFF. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch,—

FALSTAFF. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were

as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

FALSTAFF. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish,—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

PRINCE. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

POINS. Mark, Jack.

PRINCE. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on your four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FALSTAFF. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

PRINCE. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FALSTAFF. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

[*Enter* HOSTESS.]

HOSTESS. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

PRINCE. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

HOSTESS. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

PRINCE. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FALSTAFF. What manner of man is he?

HOSTESS. An old man.

FALSTAFF. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

PRINCE. Prithee, do, Jack.

FALSTAFF. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

PRINCE. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; —so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARDOLPH. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

PRINCE. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARDOLPH. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

PRINCE. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

BARDOLPH. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

PRINCE. I do.

BARDOLPH. What think you they portend?

PRINCE. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARDOLPH. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

PRINCE. No, if rightly taken, halter.

[*Re-enter* FALSTAFF.]

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long it 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

FALSTAFF. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must come to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

POINS. O, Glendower.

FALSTAFF. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

PRINCE. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

FALSTAFF. You have hit it.

PRINCE. So did he never the sparrow.

FALSTAFF. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

PRINCE. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

FALSTAFF. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FALSTAFF. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.—But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

PRINCE. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FALSTAFF. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

PRINCE. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF. Shall I? content; this chair shall

be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FALSTAFF. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

PRINCE. Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

HOSTESS. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

FALSTAFF. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

HOSTESS. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

FALSTAFF. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen; For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

HOSTESS. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FALSTAFF. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the

more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?—a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?—a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit

by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FALSTAFF. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE. Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

PRINCE. Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false;—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRINCE. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou are violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverent vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?

Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF. I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?

PRINCE. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF. My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE. I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

[*Re-enter* BARDOLPH, *running*.]

BARDOLPH. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

FALSTAFF. Out, ye rogue!—Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

[*Re-enter the* HOSTESS.]

HOSTESS. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

PRINCE. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What's the matter?

HOSTESS. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

FALSTAFF. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

PRINCE. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

FALSTAFF. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

PRINCE. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FALSTAFF. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

PRINCE. Call in the sheriff.—

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* PETO.
[*Enter* SHERIFF *and the* CARRIER.]

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

SHERIFF. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

PRINCE. What men?

SHERIFF. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

CARRIER. As fat as butter.

PRINCE. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charg'd withal;
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHERIFF. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHERIFF. Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHERIFF. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

PRINCE. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

PETO. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets.*] What hast thou found?

PETO. Nothing but papers, my lord.

PRINCE. Let's see what they be; read them.

PETO. [*Reads.*]

Item, A capon,	2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce,	4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread,	*ob.*

PRINCE. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

PETO. Good morrow, good my lord.

From "King Henry IV" Pt. I
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

FAUST AND MARGARET

Faust, having exhausted the joys of intellectual life, enters into league with the devil, Mephistopheles, promising him his soul if he can show him how to find complete delight elsewhere. The two set out together. Faust catches sight of Margaret, and with the help of the devil, decides that the secret lies in love and sets out to find it. In the two scenes here we have the beginning of Margaret's temptation.

The scene is a street.
FAUST. MARGARET [*passing by.*]

FAUST

FAIR lady, let it not offend you,
That arm and escort I would lend you!

MARGARET

I'm neither lady, neither fair,
And home I can go without your care.
[*She releases herself, and exit.*

FAUST

By Heaven, the girl is wondrous fair!
Of all I've seen, beyond compare;
So sweetly virtuous and pure,
And yet a little pert, be sure!
The lip so red, the cheek's clear dawn,

I'll not forget while the world rolls on!
How she cast down her timid eyes,
Deep in my heart imprinted lies:
How short and sharp of speech was she,
Why, 't was a real ecstasy!
[MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*]

FAUST

Hear of that girl I'd have possession!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Which, then?

FAUST

The one who just went by.

MEPHISTOPHELES

She, there? She's coming from confession,
Of every sin absolved; for I,
Behind her chair, was listening nigh.
So innocent is she, indeed,
That to confess she had no need.
I have no power o'er souls so green.

FAUST

And yet, she's older than fourteen.

MEPHISTOPHELES

How now! You're talking like Jack Rake,
Who every flower for himself would take,
And fancies there are no favours more,
Nor honours, save for him in store;
Yet always doesn't the thing succeed

FAUST

Most Worthy Pedagogue, take heed!
Let not a word of moral law be spoken!
I claim, I tell thee, all my right;
And if that image of delight
Rest not within mine arms to-night,
At midnight is our compact broken.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But think, the chances of the case!
I need, at least, a fortnight's space,
To find an opportune occasion.

FAUST

Had I but seven hours for all,
I should not on the Devil call,
But win her by my own persuasion.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You almost like a Frenchman prate;
Yet, pray, don't take it as annoyance!
Why, all at once, exhaust the joyance?
Your bliss is by no means so great
As if you'd use, to get control,
All sorts of tender rigmarole,
And knead and shape her to your thought,
As in Italian tales 't is taught.

FAUST

Without that, I have appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But now, leave jesting out of sight!
I tell you, once for all, that speed
With this fair girl will not succeed;
By storm she cannot captured be;
We must make use of strategy.

FAUST

Get me something the angel keeps!
Lead me thither where she sleeps!
Get me a kerchief from her breast,—
A gartar that her knee has pressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES

That you may see how much I'd fain
Further and satisfy your pain,
We will no longer lose a minute;
I'll find her room to-day, and take you in it.

FAUST

And shall I see—possess her?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No!
Unto a neighbour she must go,
And meanwhile thou, alone, mayst glow
With every hope of future pleasure,
Breathing her atmosphere in fullest measure.

FAUST

Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES
'T is too early yet.

FAUST
A gift for her I bid thee get!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES
Presents at once? That's good: he's certain to get at her!
Full many a pleasant place I know,
And treasures, buried long ago:
I must, perforce, look up the matter.

[*Exit.*

EVENING

A small, neatly kept Chamber.

MARGARET [*plaiting and binding up the braids of her hair*].

I'd something give, could I but say
Who was that gentleman, to-day,
Surely a gallant man was he,
And of a noble family;
So much could I in his face behold,—
And he wouldn't else, have been so bold!

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come in, but gently: follow me!

FAUST [*after a moment's silence*].
Leave me alone, I beg of thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES [*prying about*].
Not every girl keeps things so neat.

FAUST [*looking around*].
O welcome, twilight soft and sweet,
That breathes throughout this hallowed shrine!
Sweet pain of love, bind thou with fetters fleet
The heart that on the dew of hope must pine!
How all around a sense impresses
Of quiet, order, and content!
This poverty what bounty blesses!
What bliss within this narrow den is pent!

[*He throws himself into a leathern arm-chair near the bed.*]

Receive me, thou, that in thine open arms
Departed joy and pain were wont to gather!
How oft the children, with their ruddy charms,
Hung here, around this throne, where sat the father!
Perchance my love, amid the childish band,
Grateful for gifts the Holy Christmas gave her,
Here meekly kissed the grandsire's withered hand.
I feel, O maid! thy very soul

Of order and content around me whisper,—
Which leads thee with its motherly control,
The cloth upon thy board bids smoothly thee unroll,
The sand beneath thy feet makes whiter, crisper,
O dearest hand, to the 't is given
To change this hut into a lower heaven!
And here!

[*He lifts one of the bed-curtains.*]

What sweetest thrill is in my blood!
Here could I spend whole hours, delaying:
Here Nature shaped, as if in sportive playing,
The angel blossom from the bud.

Here lay the child, with Life's warm essence
The tender bosom filled and fair,
And here was wrought, through holier, purer presence.
The form diviner beings wear!

And I? What drew me here with power?
How deeply am I moved, this hour!
What seek I? Why so full my heart, and sore?
Miserable Faust! I know thee now no more.

Is there a magic vapor here?
I came, with lust of instant pleasure,
And lie dissolved in dreams of love's sweet leisure!
Are we the sport of every changeful atmosphere?

And if, this moment, came she in to me,
How would I for the fault atonement render!
How small the giant lout would be,
Prone at her feet, relaxed and tender!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Be quick! I see her there, returning.

FAUST

Go! go! I never will retreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here is a casket, not unmeet,
Which elsewhere I have just been earning.
Here, set it in the press, with haste!
I swear, 't will turn her head, to spy it:
Some baubles I therein had placed,
That you might win another by it.
True, child is child, and play is play.

FAUST

I know not, should I do it?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ask you, pray?
Yourself, perhaps, would keep the bubble?
Then I suggest, 't were fair and just
To spare the lovely day your lust,
And spare to me the further trouble.
You are not misery, I trust?
I rub my hands, in expectation tender—

[*He places the casket in the press, and locks it again.*]

Now quick, away!
The sweet young maiden to betray,
So that by wish and will you bend her;
And you look as though
To the lecture-hall you were forced to go,—
As if stood before you, grey and loath,
Physics and Metaphysics both!
But away!

[*Exeunt.*

MARGARET [*with a lamp*].
It is so close, so sultry, here!

[*She opens the window.*]
And yet 't is not so warm outside.
I feel, I know not why, such fear!—
Would mother came!—where can she bide?
My body's chill and shuddering,—
I'm but a silly, fearsome thing!

[*She begins to sing, while undressing.*]

There was a King in Thule,
Was faithful till the grave,—
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:

His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers
In the Castle by the Sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea:
Then fell his eyelids forever,
And never more drank he!

[*She opens the press in order to arrange her clothes, and perceives the casket of jewels.*]

How comes that lovely casket here to me?
I locked the press, most certainly.
'T is truly wonderful! What can within it be?
Perhaps 't was brought by some one as a pawn,
And mother gave a loan thereon?
And here there hangs a key to fit:

I have a mind to open it.
What is that? God in heaven! Whence came
Such things? Never beheld I aught so fair!
Rich ornaments, such as a noble dame
On highest holidays might wear!
How would the pearl-chain suit my hair?
Ah, who may all this splendour own?

[*She adorns herself with the jewellery, and steps before the mirror.*]

Were but the ear-rings mine, alone!
One has at once another air.
What helps one's beauty, youthful blood?
One may possess them, well and good;
But none the more do others care.
They praise us half in pity, sure:
To gold still tends,
On gold depends
All, all! Alas, we poor!

From "Faust" by
JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE,
translated by BAYARD TAYLOR.

TARTUFFE

[The three acts presented here were first performed at the Court of Versailles in 1664, but were immediately suppressed by all the religious factions. The play's first public appearance was in 1667. Again it was suppressed. In 1669 it appeared again, and there was no serious trouble, but it is interesting to know that at the time of Molière's death there was a movement on the part of the factions to deny him Christian burial on account of the hostility which this play had aroused.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORGON, *husband to* ELMIRE.
DAMIS, *his son.*
VALÈRE, MARIANE'S *lover.*
CLÉANTE, ORGON'S *brother-in-law.*
TARTUFFE.
M. LOYAL, *a tipstaff*
A POLICE OFFICER.
ELMIRE, ORGON'S *wife.*
MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON'S *mother.*
MARIANE, ORGON'S *daughter.*
DORINE, *her maid.*
FLIPOTE, MADAME PERNELLE'S *servant.*

The scene is in Paris, in ORGON'S HOUSE.

ACT I

SCENE I.—MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, DAMIS, DORINE, FLIPOTE.

MADAME PERNELLE. Come along, Flipote, come along; let us get away from them.

ELMIRE. You walk so fast, that one can hardly keep up with you.

MADAME PERNELLE. Do not trouble yourself, daughter-in-law, do not trouble yourself, do not come any farther; there is no need for all this ceremony.

ELMIRE. We only give you your due. But pray, Mother, why are you in such haste to leave us?

MADAME PERNELLE. Because I cannot bear to see such goings on. No one cares to please me. I leave your house very little edified: all my advice is despised; nothing is respected, everyone has his say aloud, and it is just like the court of King Pétaud.

DORINE. If . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. You are, my dear, a little too much of a talker, and a great deal too saucy for a waiting maid. You give your advice about everything.

DAMIS. But . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. Four letters spell your name, my child, a "fool": I, your grandmother, tell you so; and I have already predicted to my son, your father, a hundred times, that you are

fast becoming a good-for-nothing, who will give him nought but trouble.

MARIANE. I think . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. Good-lack! granddaughter, you play the prude, and to look at you, butter would not melt in your mouth. But still waters run deep, as the saying is; and I do not like your sly doings at all.

ELMIRE. But, Mother . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. By your leave, daughter-in-law, your whole conduct is altogether wrong; you ought to set them a good example; and their late mother managed them a great deal better. You are extravagant; and it disgusts me to see you decked out like a princess. The woman who wishes to please her husband only, daughter-in-law, has no need of so much finery.

CLÉANTE. But after all, Madam . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. As for you, Sir, who are her brother, I esteem, love, and respect you very much; but, nevertheless, if I were my son and her husband, I would beg of you earnestly not to enter our house. You are always laying down maxims which respectable people ought not to follow. I speak to you rather frankly; but it is a way I have got, and I do not mince my words when I have something on my mind.

DAMIS. Your M. Tartuffe is an angel, no doubt. . . .

MADAME PERNELLE. He is a very worthy

man, who ought to be listened to; and I cannot, without getting angry, suffer him to be sneered at by a fool like you.

DAMIS. What! am I to allow a censorious bigot to usurp an absolute authority in this house! and shall we not be permitted to amuse ourselves, unless that precious gentleman condescends to give us leave!

DORINE. If any one were to listen to him and believe in his maxims, one could not do anything without committing a sin; for he controls everything, this carping critic.

MADAME PERNELLE. And whatever he does control, is well controlled. He wishes to lead you on the road to Heaven: and my son ought to make you all love him.

DAMIS. No, look here, Grandmother, neither Father nor any one else shall ever induce me to look kindly upon him. I should belie my heart to say otherwise. His manners every moment enrage me; I can foresee the consequence, and one time or other I shall have to come to an open quarrel with this low-bred fellow.

DORINE. Certainly, it is a downright scandal to see a stranger exercise such authority in this house; to see a beggar, who, when he came, had not a shoe to his foot, and whose whole dress may have been worth twopence, so far forget himself as to cavil at everything, and to assume the authority of a master.

MADAME PERNELLE. Eh! mercy on me! things would go on much better if everything were managed according to his pious directions.

DORINE. He passes for a saint in your opinion; but believe me, he is nothing but a hypocrite.

MADAME PERNELLE. What a tongue!

DORINE. I should not like to trust myself with him, nor with his man Laurent, without a good guarantee.

MADAME PERNELLE. I do not know what the servant may be at heart; but as for the master, I will vouch for him as a good man. You bear him ill-will, and only reject him because he tells all of you the truth. It is against sin that his heart waxes wroth, and his only motive is the interest of Heaven.

DORINE. Ay; but why, particularly for some time past, can he not bear any one to come to the house? What is there offensive to Heaven in a civil visit, that there must be a noise about it fit to split one's ears? Between ourselves, do you wish me to explain? . . . [*pointing to* ELMIRE]. Upon my word, I believe him to be jealous of my mistress.

MADAME PERNELLE. Hold your tongue, and mind what you say. It is not he only who blames these visits. All the bustle of these people who frequent this house, these carriages everlastingly standing at the door, and the noisy crowd of so many servants, cause a great disturbance in the

whole neighbourhood. I am willing to believe that there is really no harm done; but people will talk of it, and that is not right.

CLÉANTE. Alas, Madam, will you prevent people talking? It would be a very hard thing if, in life, for the sake of the foolish things which may be said about us, we had to renounce our best friends. And even if we could resolve to do so, do you think we could compel every one to hold his tongue? There is no protection against slander. Let us, therefore, pay no regard to all this silly tittle-tattle; let us endeavour to live honestly, and leave the gossips to say what they please.

DORINE. May not Daphné, our neighbour, and her little husband, be those who speak ill of us? They whose own conduct is the most ridiculous are always the first to slander others. They never fail to catch eagerly at the slightest rumour of a love-affair, to spread the news of it with joy, and to give it the turn which they want. They think to justify their own actions before the world by those of others, painted in colours of their choosing, either in the false expectation of glossing over their own intrigues with some semblance of innocence, or else by making to fall elsewhere some part of that public blame with which they are too heavily burdened.

MADAME PERNELLE. All these arguments are nothing to the purpose. Orante is known to lead an exemplary life. All her cares tend to Heaven;

and I have learned from people that she strongly condemns the company who visit here.

DORINE. An admirable pattern indeed, and she is very good, this lady! It is true that she lives very austerely; but age has put this ardent zeal into her breast; people know that she is a prude against her own will. She enjoyed her advantages well enough as long as she was capable of attracting attentions; but, seeing the lustre of her eyes become somewhat dim, she renounces the world which is renouncing her, and conceals under the pompous cloak of lofty wisdom, the decay of her worn-out charms. These are the vicissitudes of coquettes in our time. They find it hard to see their admirers desert them. Thus forsaken, their gloomy anxiety sees no other resource but that of prudery; and the severity of these good women censures everything and pardons nothing. Loudly they blame everyone's life, not through charity, but through envy, which cannot bear another to enjoy those pleasures for which their age gives them no longer a relish.

MADAME PERNELLE [*to* ELMIRE]. These are cock-and-bull stories, made to please you, daughter-in-law. One is obliged to keep silence here, for Madam keeps the ball rolling all day. But I also will have my say in my turn. I tell you that my son has never done anything more sensible than in receiving this devout personage in his house; that Heaven itself, in time of need, has

sent him here to reclaim all your erring minds; that for your salvation's sake, you ought to listen to him; and that he censures nothing but what is reprehensible. These visits, these balls, these conversations, are all inventions of the evil one. One never hears a pious word uttered at any of them; nothing but tittle-tattle, nonsense, and silly gossip. Very often our neighbour comes in for his share of it, and there is back-biting going on right and left. In short, sensible people have their heads turned by the confusion of such meetings. A thousand idle stories are told in no time; and, as a certain doctor said very aptly the other day, it is a perfect tower of Babylon, for everyone chatters to his heart's content; and to show you what brought this up . . . [*pointing to* CLÉANTE]. But here is this gentleman giggling already! Go and look for some fools to laugh at, and without . . . [*to* ELMIRE]. Good-bye, daughter-in-law; I will say no more. I make you a present of the rest, but it will be a fine day when I set my foot in your house again. [*Slapping* FLIPOTE'S *face.*] Come along you, you stand dreaming and gaping here. Ods bobs! I shall warm your ears for you. March on, slut, march on.

SCENE II.—CLÉANTE, DORINE.

CLÉANTE. I shall not go with her, for fear she

should fall foul of me again; that this good lady . . .

DORINE. Ah! it is a pity that she does not hear you say so: she would tell you that you are good, but that she is not yet old enough to be called so.

CLÉANTE. How she fired up against us for nothing! And how infatuated she seems with her Tartuffe!

DORINE. Oh! indeed, all this is nothing compared with the son: and if you saw him, you would say it is much worse. During our troubles he acted like a man of sense, and displayed some courage in the service of his prince; but since he has grown so fond of this Tartuffe, he is become a perfect dolt. He calls him brother, and loves him in his very soul a hundred times better than either mother, son, daughter, or wife. He is the sole confidant of all his secrets, and the prudent director of all his actions; he caresses him, embraces him; and one could show no more affection, I think, to a mistress. He will have him seated at the upper end of the table, and is delighted to see him eat as much as six; the choicest morsels of everything must be given to him; and, if he happens to belch, he says to him "God preserve you." In short, he is crazy about him; he is his all, his hero; he admires everything he does, he quotes him on all occasions; he looks upon his most trifling actions as miracles, and every word he utters is considered an oracle. The other, who

knows his dupe, and wishes to make the most of him, has the art of dazzling him by a hundred deceitful appearances. His pretended devotion draws money from him at every hour of the day; and assumes the right of commenting upon the conduct of every one of us. Even the jackanapes, his servant, pretends also to read us a lesson; he comes preaching to us with fierce looks, and throws away our ribbons, our paint, and our patches. Only the other day, the wretch tore a handkerchief which he had found between the leaves of "The Flower of the Saints," saying that it was a dreadful sin to bring these holy things into contact with the devil's deckings.

SCENE III.—ELMIRE, MARIANE, DAMIS, CLÉANTE, DORINE.

ELMIRE [*to* CLÉANTE]. You are very fortunate not to have assisted at the speech to which she treated us at the door. But I have just seen my husband; and as he did not see me, I shall go upstairs to await his coming.

CLÉANTE. I will wait for him here, with small pleasure; and merely say how do ye do to him.

SCENE IV.—CLÉANTE, DAMIS, DORINE.

DAMIS. Just sound him about this marriage of my sister. I suspect that Tartuffe is opposed to it

because he makes my father use so many evasions; and you are not ignorant how greatly I am interested in it. . . . If the same passion fires my sister's and Valère's heart, the sister of this friend is, as you know, dear to me; and if it were necessary . . .

DORINE. Here he is.

SCENE V.—ORGON, CLÉANTE, DORINE.

ORGON. Ha! good morrow, brother.

CLÉANTE. I was just going, and am glad to see you returned. The country is not very cheering at present.

ORGON. Dorine . . . [*to* CLÉANTE]. Pray one moment, brother-in-law. Allow me to inquire the news here to ease my mind. [*To* DORINE.] Has everything gone on well these two days? What are they doing, and how are they all?

DORINE. The day before yesterday my mistress had an attack of fever until evening, accompanied by an extraordinary headache.

ORGON. And Tartuffe?

DORINE. Tartuffe! He is wonderfully well, stout and fat, with a fresh complexion, and a ruddy mouth.

ORGON. Poor fellow!

DORINE. In the evening she felt very sick, and

could not touch a morsel of supper, so violent was still the pain in her head.

ORGON. And Tartuffe?

DORINE. He supped by himself in her presence; and very devoutly ate two partridges, and half a leg of mutton hashed.

ORGON. Poor fellow!

DORINE. The whole night she did not close her eyes for a moment. She was so feverish that she could not sleep, and we were obliged to sit up with her until morning.

ORGON. And Tartuffe?

DORINE. Pleasantly overcome with sleep, he went to his room when he left the table; and jumped into his cozy bed, where he slept undisturbed until morning.

ORGON. Poor fellow!

DORINE. We at length prevailed upon the mistress to be bled; and she was almost immediately relieved.

ORGON. And Tartuffe?

DORINE. He picked up his courage again as he ought to; and, to fortify himself against all harm, he drank four large draughts of wine at breakfast, to make up for the blood that the mistress had lost.

ORGON. Poor fellow!

DORINE. At present, they are both well; and I shall go and inform the mistress how glad you feel at her recovery.

Scene VI.—Orgon, Cléante.

Cléante. She is laughing at you to your face, brother: and, without wishing to make you angry, I must tell you candidly that it is not without reason. Was there ever such a whim heard of? Can it be possible that any man could so charm you nowadays as to make you forget everything for him? That after having relieved his indigence, in your own house, you should go as far as . . .

Orgon. Stop, brother-in-law, you do not know the man of whom you are speaking?

Cléante. I do not know him, if you like; but after all, in order to know what sort of man he is . . .

Orgon. You would be charmed to know him, brother; and there would be no end to your delight. He is a man . . . who . . . ah . . . a man . . . in short, a man. One who acts up to his own precepts, enjoys a profound peace, and looks upon the whole world as so much dirt. Yes; I am quite another man since I conversed with him; he teaches me to set my heart upon nothing; he detaches my mind from all friendship; and I could see brother, children, mother, and wife die, without troubling myself in the least about it.

Cléante. Humane sentiments these, brother!

Orgon. Ah! if you had seen how I first met

him, you would have conceived the same friendship for him that I feel. Every day he came to church, and, with a gentle mien, kneeled down opposite me. He attracted the notice of the whole congregation by the fervency with which he sent up his prayers to Heaven. He uttered sighs, was enraptured, and humbly kissed the ground every moment: and when I went out, he swiftly ran before me to offer me holy water at the door. Informed by his servant, who imitates him in everything, of his poverty, and who he was, I made him some presents: but, with great modesty, he always wished to return some part of them. "It is too much," he would say; "too much by half; I do not deserve your pity." And when I refused to take them back again, he would go and give them to the poor before my face. At length Heaven moved me to take him to my house, and since then, everything seems to prosper here. I perceive that he reproves everything, and that he takes a great interest, even in my wife, for my sake. He warns me of the people who look too lovingly at her, and he is six times more jealous of her than I am. But you cannot believe how far his zeal goes: the slightest trifle in himself he calls a sin; a mere nothing is sufficient to shock him; so much so that he accused himself, the other day, of having caught a flea whilst he was at his devotions, and of having killed it with too much anger.

CLÉANTE. Zounds! I believe you are mad,

brother. Are you making game of me with such a speech? and do you pretend that all this fooling . . .

ORGON. Brother, this discourse savours of free-thinking. You are somewhat tainted with it; and, as I have often told you, you will get yourself into some unpleasant scrape.

CLÉANTE. The usual clap-trap of your set; they wish everyone to be blind like themselves. To keep one's eyes open is to be a free-thinker; and whosoever does not worship empty mummeries has neither respect for, nor faith in, holy things. Go along; all your speeches do not frighten me; I know what I am saying, and Heaven sees my heart. We are not the slaves of your formalists. There are hypocrites in religion as well as pretenders to courage; and as we never find the truly brave man make much noise where honour leads him, no more are the good and truly pious, whom we ought to follow, those who make so many grimaces. What! would you make no distinction between hypocrisy and true devotion? Would you treat them both alike, and give the same honour to the mask as to the face; put artifice on a level with sincerity, confound appearance with reality, value the shadow as much as the substance; and false coin the same as real? Men, for the most part, are strange creatures, and never keep the right mean; reason's boundaries are too narrow for them; in every character

they overact their parts; and they often spoil the noblest designs, because they exaggerate, and carry them too far. This by the way, brother.

ORGON. Yes, you are no doubt a doctor to be looked up to; you possess all the world's wisdom; you are the only sage, and the only enlightened man, an oracle, a Cato of the present age; and all men, compared with you, are fools.

CLÉANTE. I am not, brother, a doctor to be looked up to; nor do I possess all the world's wisdom. But, in one word, I know enough to distinguish truth from falsehood. And as I know no character more worthy of esteem than the truly devout, nor anything in the world more noble or beautiful than the holy fervour of sincere piety, so I know nothing more odious than the whited sepulchre of a pretended zealot, than those downright impostors, those devotees, for public show, whose sacrilegious and deceitful grimaces abuse with impunity, and make a jest, according to their fancy, of what men hold most holy and sacred; those men who, from motives of self-interest, make a trade of piety, and would purchase honour and reputation at the cost of a hypocritical turning up of the eyes and pretended raptures; those men, I say, whom we see possessed with such an uncommon ardour for the next world, in order to make their fortunes in this; who, with great unction and many prayers, daily recommend and preach solitude in the midst of the court; who

know how to reconcile their zeal with their vices; who are passionate, vindictive, without belief, full of artifice, and would, in order to destroy a man, insolently cover their fierce resentment under the cloak of Heaven's interests. They are the more dangerous in their bitter wrath because they use against us weapons which men reverence, and because their passion, for which they are commended, prompts them to assassinate us with a consecrated blade. One sees too many of those vile characters, but the really devout at heart are easily recognized. Our age has shown us some, brother, who may serve us as glorious examples. Look at Ariston, look at Périandre, Oronte, Alcidamas, Polydore, Clitandre—no one disputes their title. But they do not boast of their virtue. One does not see this unbearable ostentation in them; and their piety is human, is tractable; they do not censure all our doings, they think that these corrections would show too much pride on their part; and, leaving big words to others, they reprove our actions by their own. They do not think anything evil, because it seems so, and their mind is inclined to judge well of others. They have no cabals, no intrigues; all their anxiety is to live well themselves. They never persecute a sinner; they hate sin only, and do not vindicate the interest of Heaven with greater zeal than Heaven itself. These are my people, that is the true way to act; that is, in short, an example to

be followed. Your man, to speak plainly, is not of that stamp; you vaunt his zeal with the utmost good faith; but I believe that you are dazzled by a false glare.

ORGON. My dear brother-in-law, have you had your say?

CLÉANTE. Yes.

ORGON [*going*]. I am your humble servant.

CLÉANTE. Pray, one word more, brother. Let us drop this conversation. You know that Valère has your promise to be your son-in-law.

ORGON. Yes.

CLÉANTE. And that you would appoint a day for the wedding.

ORGON. True.

CLÉANTE. Why then defer the ceremony?

ORGON. I do not know.

CLÉANTE. Have you another design in your mind?

ORGON. Perhaps so.

CLÉANTE. Will you break your word?

ORGON. I do not say that.

CLÉANTE. There is no obstacle, I think, to prevent you from fulfilling your promise?

ORGON. That is as it may be.

CLÉANTE. Why so much ado about a single word? Valère sent me to you about it.

ORGON. Heaven be praised for that!

CLÉANTE. But what answer shall I give him?

ORGON. Whatever you please.

CLÉANTE. But it is necessary to know your intentions. What are they?

ORGON. To do just what Heaven ordains.

CLÉANTE. But to the point. Valère has your promise: will you keep it or not?

ORGON. Farewell.

CLÉANTE [*alone*]. I fear some misfortune for his love, and I ought to inform him of what is going on.

ACT II

SCENE I.—ORGON, MARIANE.

ORGON. Mariane.

MARIANE. Father?

ORGON. Come here; I have something to say to you privately.

MARIANE [*to* ORGON, *who is looking into a closet*]. What are you looking for?

ORGON. I am looking whether there is any one there who might overhear us; for it is a most likely little place for such a purpose. Now we are all right. Mariane, I have always found you of a sweet disposition, and you have always been very dear to me.

MARIANE. I am much obliged to you for this fatherly affection.

ORGON. That is very well said, daughter; and

to deserve it, your only care should be to please me.

MARIANE. That is my greatest ambition.

ORGON. Very well. What say you of our guest Tartuffe?

MARIANE. Who? I?

ORGON. You. Be careful how you answer.

MARIANE. Alas! I will say whatever you like of him.

SCENE II.—ORGON, MARIANE, DORINE [*entering softly and keeping behind* ORGON, *without being seen*].

ORGON. That is sensibly spoken. . . . Tell me then, my child, that he is a man of the highest worth; that he has touched your heart; and that it would be pleasant to you to see him, with my approbation, become your husband. Eh? [MARIANE *draws away with surprise.*]

MARIANE. He!

ORGON. What is the matter?

MARIANE. What did you say?

ORGON. What?

MARIANE. Did I mistake?

ORGON. How?

MARIANE. What would you have me say has touched my heart, Father, and whom would it be pleasant to have for a husband, with your approbation?

ORGON. Tartuffe.

MARIANE. But it is nothing of the kind, Father, I assure you. Why would you have me tell such a falsehood?

ORGON. But I wish it to be a truth; and it is sufficient for you that I have resolved it so.

MARIANE. What, Father, would you . . .

ORGON. Yes, daughter, I intend by your marriage to unite Tartuffe to my family. He shall be your husband; I have decided that; and as on your duty I . . . [*perceiving* DORINE]. What are you doing here? Your anxious curiosity is very great, my dear, to induce you to listen to us in this manner.

DORINE. In truth, I do not know whether this is a mere report, arising from conjecture or from chance; but they have just told me the news of this marriage, and I treated it as a pure hoax.

ORGON. Why so! Is the thing incredible?

DORINE. So much so, that even from you, Sir, I do not believe it.

ORGON. I know how to make you believe it, though.

DORINE. Yes, yes, you are telling us a funny story.

ORGON. I am telling you exactly what you will see shortly.

DORINE. Nonsense!

ORGON. What I say is not in jest, daughter.

DORINE. Come, do not believe your father; he is joking.

ORGON. I tell you . . .

DORINE. No, you may say what you like; nobody will believe you.

ORGON. My anger will at last . . .

DORINE. Very well! we will believe you, then; and so much the worse for you. What! is it possible, Sir, that, with that air of common sense, and this great beard in the very midst of your face, you would be foolish enough to be willing to . . .

ORGON. Now listen: you have taken certain liberties in this house which I do not like; I tell you so, my dear.

DORINE. Let us speak without getting angry, Sir, I beg. Is it to laugh at people that you have planned this scheme? Your daughter is not suitable for a bigot: he has other things to think about. And, besides, what will such an alliance bring you? Why, with all your wealth, go and choose a beggar for your son-in-law . . .

ORGON. Hold your tongue. If he has nothing, know that it is just for that that we ought to esteem him. His poverty is no doubt an honest poverty; it ought to raise him above all grandeur because he has allowed himself to be deprived of his wealth by his little care for worldly affairs, and his strong attachment to things eternal. But my assistance may give him the means of getting

out of his troubles, and of recovering his property. His estates are well known in his country; and, such as you see him, he is quite the nobleman.

DORINE. Yes, so he says; and this vanity, Sir, does not accord well with piety. Whosoever embraces the innocence of a holy life should not boast so much about his name and his lineage; and the humble ways of piety do but ill agree with this outburst of ambition. What is the good of this pride? . . . But this discourse offends you: let us speak of himself, and leave his nobility alone. Would you, without some compunction, give a girl like her to a man like him? And ought you not to have some regard for propriety, and foresee the consequences of such a union? Be sure that a girl's virtue is in danger when her choice is thwarted in her marriage; that her living virtuously depends upon the qualities of the husband whom they have chosen for her, and that those whose foreheads are pointed at everywhere often make of their wives what we see that they are. It is, in short, no easy task to be faithful to husbands cut out after a certain model; and he who gives to his daughter a man whom she hates, is responsible to Heaven for the faults she commits. Consider to what perils your design exposes you.

ORGON. I tell you I must learn from her what to do!

DORINE. You cannot do better than follow my advice.

ORGON. Do not let us waste any more time with this silly prattle, daughter; I am your father, and know what is best for you. I had promised you to Valère; but besides his being inclined to gamble, as I am told, I also suspect him to be somewhat of a free-thinker; I never notice him coming to church.

DORINE. Would you like him to run there at your stated hours, like those who go there only to be seen?

ORGON. I am not asking your advice upon that. The other candidate for your hand is, in short, on the best of terms with Heaven, and that is a treasure second to none. This union will crown your wishes with every kind of blessings, it will be replete with sweetness and delight. You shall live together in faithful love, really like two children, like two turtle-doves; there will be no annoying disputes between you; and you will make anything you like of him.

DORINE. She? she will never make anything but a fool of him, I assure you.

ORGON. Heyday! what language!

DORINE. I say that he has the appearance of one, and that his destiny, Sir, will be stronger than all your daughter's virtue.

ORGON. Leave off interrupting me, and try to

hold your tongue, without poking your nose into what does not concern you.

DORINE [*she continually interrupts him as he turns round to speak to his daughter*]. I speak only for your interest, Sir.

ORGON. You interest yourself too much; hold your tongue, if you please.

DORINE. If one did not care for you . . .

ORGON. I do not wish you to care for me.

DORINE. And I will care for you, Sir, in spite of yourself.

ORGON. Ah!

DORINE. Your honour is dear to me, and I cannot bear to see you the byeword of everyone.

ORGON. You will not hold your tongue?

DORINE. It is a matter of conscience to allow you to form such an alliance.

ORGON. Will you hold your tongue, you serpent, whose brazen face . . .

DORINE. What! you are religious, and fly in a rage.

ORGON. Yes, all your nonsense has excited my choler, and once for all, you shall hold your tongue.

DORINE. Be it so. But, though I do not say a word, I will think none the less.

ORGON. Think, if you like; but take care not to say a word, or . . . [*turning to his daughter*]. That will do. As a sensible man, I have carefully weighed everything.

DORINE [*aside*]. It drives me mad that I must not speak.

ORGON. Without being a fop, Tartuffe's mien is such . . .

DORINE. Yes, his is a very pretty phiz!

ORGON. That even if you have no sympathy with his other gifts . . .

DORINE [*aside*]. She has got a bargain! [ORGON *turns to* DORINE, *and, with crossed arms, listens and looks her in the face.*] If I were in her place, assuredly no man should marry me against my will with impunity; and I would show him, and that soon after the ceremony, that a woman has always a revenge at hand.

ORGON [*to* DORINE]. Then you do not heed what I say?

DORINE. What are you grumbling at? I did not speak to you.

ORGON. What did you do then?

DORINE. I was speaking to myself.

ORGON [*aside*]. Very well! I must give her a backhander to pay her out for her extreme insolence. [*He puts himself into a position to slap* DORINE'S *face; and, at every word which he says to his daughter, he turns round to look at* DORINE, *who stands bolt upright without speaking.*] You ought to approve of my plan, daughter . . . and believe that the husband whom I have selected for you . . . [*to* DORINE]. Why do you not speak to yourself?

DORINE. I have nothing to say to myself.

ORGON. Just another little word.

DORINE. It does not suit me.

ORGON. I was looking out for you, be sure.

DORINE. I am not such a fool as you think me!

ORGON. In short, daughter, you must obey, and show a complete deference to my choice.

DORINE [*running away*]. I would not care a straw for such a husband.

ORGON [*failing to slap* DORINE'S *face*]. You have a pestilent hussy with you, daughter, with whom I cannot put up any longer without forgetting myself. I do not feel equal to continue our conversation now; her insolent remarks have set my brain on fire, and I must have a breath of air to compose myself.

SCENE III.—MARIANE, DORINE.

DORINE. Tell me have you lost your speech? And must I act your part in this affair? To allow such a senseless proposal to be made to you, without saying the least word against it!

MARIANE. What would you have me do against a tyrannical father?

DORINE. That which is necessary to ward off such a threat.

MARIANE. What?

DORINE. Tell him that you cannot love by proxy, that you marry for yourself, and not for

him; that, you being the only one concerned in this matter, it is you, and not he, who must like the husband, and that since Tartuffe is so charming in his eyes, he may marry him himself without let or hindrance.

MARIANE. Ah! a father, I confess, has so much authority over us, that I have never had the courage to answer him.

DORINE. But let us argue this affair. Valère has proposed for you: do you love him, pray, or do you not?

MARIANE. Ah! you do my feelings great injustice, Dorine, to ask me such a question. Have I not a hundred times opened my heart to you? and do not you know the warmth of my affection for him?

DORINE. How do I know whether your lips have spoken what your heart felt? and whether you have any real regard for this lover?

MARIANE. You wrong me greatly in doubting it, Dorine; for my true sentiments have been but too clearly shown.

DORINE. You really love him, then?

MARIANE. Yes, very passionately.

DORINE. And, to all appearance, he loves you as well?

MARIANE. I believe so.

DORINE. And you are both equally eager to marry each other?

MARIANE. Assuredly.

DORINE. What do you expect from this other match then?

MARIANE. To kill myself, if they force me to it.

DORINE. Very well. That is a resource I did not think of; you have only to die to get out of trouble. The remedy is doubtless admirable. It drives me mad to hear this sort of talk.

MARIANE. Good gracious! Dorine, what a temper you get into! You do not sympathize in the least with people's troubles.

DORINE. I do not sympathize with people who talk stupidly, and, when an opportunity presents itself, give way as you do!

MARIANE. But what would you have me do? If I am timid . . .

DORINE. Love requires firmness.

MARIANE. But have I wavered in my affection towards Valère? and is it not his duty to obtain a father's consent?

DORINE. But what! if your father is a downright churl, who is completely taken up with Tartuffe, and will break off a match he had agreed on, is your lover to be blamed for that?

MARIANE. But am I, by a flat refusal and a scornful disdain, to let everyone know how much I am smitten? However brilliant Valère may be, am I to forget the modesty of my sex, and my filial duty? And would you have me display my passion to the whole world . . .

DORINE. No, I would have you do nothing of the sort. I perceive that you would like to be Monsieur Tartuffe's; and I should be wrong, now that I come to think of it, to turn you from such a union. What right have I to oppose your wishes? The match in itself is very advantageous. Monsieur Tartuffe! oh, oh! That is not a proposal to be despised. Certainly Monsieur Tartuffe, all things considered, is no fool; no, not at all, and it is no small honour to be his better half. Already everyone crowns him with glory. He is a noble in his own country, handsome in appearance; he has red ears and a florid complexion. You will live only too happily with such a husband.

MARIANE. Good gracious! . . .

DORINE. How joyful you will be to see yourself the wife of such a handsome husband!

MARIANE. Ah! leave off such talk, I pray, and rather assist me to free myself from this match. It is finished: I yield, and am ready to do anything.

DORINE. No, a daughter ought to obey her father, even if he wishes her to marry an ape. Yours is an enviable fate: of what do you complain? You will drive down in the stage-coach to his native town, where you will find plenty of uncles and cousins, whom it will be your great delight to entertain. You will be introduced directly into the best society. You will go and

pay the first visits to the wife of the bailie, and of the assessor, who will do you the honour of giving you a folding-chair. There, at carnival time, you may expect a ball, with the grand band of musicians, to wit, two bagpipes, and sometimes Fagotin and the marionettes. If your husband, however . . .

MARIANE. Oh! you kill me. Try rather to assist me with your counsels.

DORINE. I am your servant.

MARIANE. Ah! for pity's sake, Dorine . . .

DORINE. This affair ought to go on, to punish you.

MARIANE. There's a good girl!

DORINE. No.

MARIANE. If I declare to you that . . .

DORINE. Not at all. Tartuffe is the man for you, and you shall have a taste of him.

MARIANE. You know that I have always confided in you: do . . .

DORINE. No, it is of no use, you shall be Tartuffed.

MARIANE. Very well, since my misfortunes cannot move you, leave me henceforth entirely to my despair. My heart shall seek help from that; and I know an infallible remedy for my sufferings. [*She wishes to go.*]

DORINE. Stop, stop, come back. I give in. In spite of all, I must take compassion on you.

MARIANE. Look here, Dorine, if they inflict

this cruel martyrdom upon me, I shall die of it, I tell you.

DORINE. Do not fret yourself. We will cleverly prevent. . . . But here comes Valère, your lover.

SCENE IV.—VALÈRE, MARIANE, DORINE.

VALÈRE. I have just been told a piece of news, Madam, which I did not know, and which is certainly very pretty.

MARIANE. What is it?

VALÈRE. That you are going to be married to Tartuffe.

MARIANE. My father has taken this idea into his head, certainly.

VALÈRE. Your father, Madam . . .

MARIANE. Has altered his mind: he has just proposed this affair to me.

VALÈRE. What! seriously?

MARIANE. Yes, seriously, he has openly declared himself for this match.

VALÈRE. And what have you decided, in your own mind, Madam?

MARIANE. I know not.

VALÈRE. The answer is polite. You know not?

MARIANE. No.

VALÈRE. No?

MARIANE. What do you advise me?

VALÈRE. I, I advise you to take this husband.

MARIANE. Is that your advice?

VALÈRE. Yes.

MARIANE. Seriously?

VALÈRE. Doubtless. The choice is glorious, and well worth consideration.

MARIANE. Very well, Sir, I shall act upon the advice.

VALÈRE. That will not be very painful, I think.

MARIANE. Not more painful than for you to give it.

VALÈRE. I gave it to please you, Madam.

MARIANE. And I shall follow it to please you.

DORINE. [*Retiring to the further part of the stage.*] Let us see what this will come to.

VALÈRE. This then is your affection? And it was all deceit when you . . .

MARIANE. Do not let us speak of that, I pray. You have told me quite candidly that I ought to accept the husband selected for me; and I declare that I intend to do so, since you give me this wholesome advice.

VALÈRE. Do not make my advice your excuse. Your resolution was taken beforehand; and you catch at a frivolous pretext to justify the breaking of your word.

MARIANE. Very true, and well put.

VALÈRE. No doubt; and you never had any real affection for me.

MARIANE. Alas! think so, if you like.

VALÈRE. Yes, yes, if I like; but my offended

feelings may perhaps forestall you in such a design; and I know where to offer both my heart and my hand.

MARIANE. Ah! I have no doubt of it; and the love which merit can command . . .

VALÈRE. For Heaven's sake, let us drop merit. I have but little, no doubt; and you have given proof of it. But I hope much from the kindness of some one whose heart is open to me, and who will not be ashamed to consent to repair my loss.

MARIANE. The loss is not great: and you will easily enough console yourself for this change.

VALÈRE. I shall do my utmost, you may depend. A heart that forgets us wounds our self-love; we must do our best to forget it also; if we do not succeed, we must at least pretend to do so: for the meanness is unpardonable of still loving when we are forsaken.

MARIANE. This is, no doubt, an elevated and noble sentiment.

VALÈRE. It is so; and every one must approve of it. What! would you have me forever to nourish my ardent affection for you, and not elsewhere bestow that heart which you reject, whilst I see you, before my face, pass into the arms of another?

MARIANE. On the contrary; as for me, that is what I would have you do, and I wish it were done already.

VALÈRE. You wish it?

MARIANE. Yes.

VALÈRE. This is a sufficient insult, Madam; and I shall satisfy you this very moment. [*He pretends to go.*]

MARIANE. Very well.

VALÈRE [*coming back*]. Remember, at least, that you yourself drive me to this extremity.

MARIANE. Yes.

VALÈRE [*coming back once more*]. And that I am only following your example.

MARIANE. Very well, my example.

VALÈRE [*going*]. That will do: you shall be obeyed on the spot.

MARIANE. So much the better.

VALÈRE [*coming back again*]. This is the last time that you will ever see me.

MARIANE. That is right.

VALÈRE [*goes, and turns around at the door*]. He?

MARIANE. What is the matter?

VALÈRE. Did you call me?

MARIANE. I! You are dreaming.

VALÈRE. Well! then I will be gone. Farewell, Madam. [*He goes slowly.*]

MARIANE. Farewell, Sir.

DORINE [*to* MARIANE]. I think that you are losing your senses with all this folly. I have all along allowed you to quarrel, to see what it would lead to at last. Hullo, M. Valère. [*She takes hold of* VALÈRE'S *arm.*]

VALÈRE [*pretending to resist*]. Well! what do you want, Dorine?

DORINE. Come here.

VALÈRE. No, no, I feel too indignant. Do not hinder me from doing as she wishes me.

DORINE. Stop.

VALÈRE. No; look here, I have made up my mind.

DORINE. Ah!

MARIANE [*aside*]. He cannot bear to see me, my presence drives him away; and I had therefore much better leave the place.

DORINE [*quitting* VALÈRE *and running after* MARIANE]. Now for the other! Where are you running to?

MARIANE. Let me alone.

DORINE. You must come back.

MARIANE. No, no, Dorine; it is of no use detaining me.

VALÈRE [*aside*]. I see, but too well, that the sight of me annoys her; and I had, no doubt, better free her from it.

DORINE [*leaving* MARIANE *and running after* VALÈRE]. What, again! The devil take you! Yes. I will have it so. Cease this fooling, and come here, both of you. [*She holds them both.*]

VALÈRE [*to* DORINE]. But what are you about?

MARIANE [*to* DORINE]. What would you do?

DORINE. I would have you make it up to-

gether, and get out of this scrape. [*To* VALÈRE.] Are you mad to wrangle in this way?

VALÈRE. Did you not hear how she spoke to me?

DORINE [*to* MARIANE]. Aren't you silly to have got into such a passion?

MARIANE. Did you not see the thing, and how he has treated me?

DORINE. Folly on both sides [*to* VALÉRE]. She has no other wish than to remain yours, I can vouch for it. [*To* MARIANE.] He loves none but you, and desires nothing more than to be your husband. I will answer for it with my life.

MARIANE [*to* VALÈRE]. Why then did you give me such advice?

VALÈRE [*to* MARIANE]. Why did you ask me for it on such a subject?

DORINE. You are a pair of fools. Come, your hands, both of you. [*To* VALÈRE.] Come, yours.

VALÈRE [*giving his hand to* DORINE]. What is the good of my hand?

DORINE [*to* MARIANE]. Come now! yours.

MARIANE [*giving hers*]. What is the use of all this?

DORINE. Good Heavens! quick, come on. You love each other better than you think. [VALÈRE *and* MARIANE *hold each other's hands for some time without speaking.*]

VALÈRE [*turning towards* MARIANE]. Do not do things with such bad grace; look at one a little

without any hatred. [MARIANE *turns to* VALÈRE, *and gives him a little smile.*]

DORINE. Truth to tell, lovers are great fools!

VALÈRE [*to* MARIANE]. Now really! have I no reason to complain of you; and, without an untruth, are you not a naughty girl to delight in saying disagreeable things?

MARIANE. And you, are you not the most ungrateful fellow . . .

DORINE. Leave all this debate till another time, and let us think about averting this confounded marriage.

MARIANE. Tell us, then, what we are to do.

DORINE. We must do many things [*to* MARIANE]. Your father does but jest [*to* VALÈRE]; and it is all talk. [*To* MARIANE.] But as for you, you had better appear to comply quietly with his nonsense, so that, in case of need, it may be easier for you to put off this proposed marriage. In gaining time, we gain everything. Sometimes you can pretend a sudden illness, that will necessitate a delay; then you can pretend some evil omens, that you unluckily met a corpse, broke a looking-glass, or dreamed of muddy water. In short, the best of it is that they cannot unite you to any one else but him, unless you please to say yes. But the better, to succeed, I think it advisable that you should not be seen talking together. [*To* VALÈRE.] Now go; and without delay, employ your friends to make Orgon keep his promise to

you. We will interest her brother, and enlist her mother-in-law on our side. Good-bye.

VALÈRE [*to* MARIANE]. Whatever efforts we may make together, my greatest hope, to tell the truth, is in you.

MARIANE [*to* VALÈRE]. I cannot answer for the will of a father; but I shall be no one but Valère's.

VALÈRE. Oh, how happy you make me! And, whatever they may attempt . . .

DORINE. Ah! lovers are never weary of prattling. Be off, I tell you.

VALÈRE [*goes a step, and returns*]. After all . . .

DORINE. What a cackle! Go you this way; and you, the other. [DORINE *pushes each of them by the shoulder, and compels them to separate.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—DAMIS, DORINE.

DAMIS. May lightning strike me dead on the spot, may everyone treat me as the greatest of scoundrels, if any respect or authority shall stop me from doing something rash!

DORINE. Curb this temper for Heaven's sake; your father did but mention it. People do not carry out all their proposals and the road be-

tween the saying and the doing is a long one.

DAMIS. I must put a stop to this fellow's plots, and whisper a word or two in his ear.

DORINE. Gently, pray! leave him, and your father as well, to your mother-in-law's management. She has some influence with Tartuffe: he agrees to all that she says, and I should not wonder if he had some sneaking regard for her. Would to Heaven that it were true! A pretty thing that would be. In short, your interest obliges her to send for him: she wishes to sound him about this marriage that troubles you, to know his intentions, and to acquaint him with the sad contentions which he may cause, if he entertains any hope on this subject. His servant told me he was at prayers, and that I could not get sight of him; but said that he was coming down. Go, therefore, I pray you, and let me wait for him.

DAMIS. I may be present at this interview.

DORINE. Not at all. They must be alone.

DAMIS. I shall not say a word to him.

DORINE. You deceive yourself: we know your usual outbursts; and that is just the way to spoil all. Go.

DAMIS. No; I will see, without getting angry.

DORINE. How tiresome you are! Here he comes. Go away. [DAMIS *hides himself in a closet at the farther end of the stage.*]

Scene II.—Tartuffe, Dorine.

Tartuffe. [*The moment he perceives* Dorine, *he begins to speak loudly to his servant, who is behind.*] Laurent, put away my hair shirt and my scourge, and pray that Heaven may ever enlighten you. If any one calls to see me, say that I have gone to the prisoners to distribute the alms which I have received.

Dorine [*aside*]. What affectation and boasting!

Tartuffe. What do you want?

Dorine. To tell you . . .

Tartuffe. [*Pulling a handkerchief from his pocket.*] For Heaven's sake! before you go any farther, take this handkerchief, I pray.

Dorine. For what?

Tartuffe. Cover this bosom, which I cannot bear to see. The spirit is offended by such sights, and they evoke sinful thoughts.

Dorine. You are, then, mighty susceptible to temptation; and the flesh seems to make a great impression on your senses! I cannot tell, of course, what heat inflames you: but my desires are not so easily aroused; and I could see you naked from top to toe, without being in the least tempted by the whole of your skin.

Tartuffe. Be a little more modest in your expressions, or I shall leave you on the spot.

Dorine. No, no, it is I who am going to leave

you to yourself; and I have only two words to say to you. My mistress is coming down into this parlour, and wishes the favour of a minute's conversation with you.

TARTUFFE. Alas! with all my heart.

DORINE [*aside*]. How he softens down! Upon my word, I stick to what I have said of him.

TARTUFFE. Will she be long?

DORINE. Methinks I hear her. Yes, it is herself, and I leave you together.

SCENE III.—ELMIRE, TARTUFFE.

TARTUFFE. May Heaven, in its mighty goodness, for ever bestow upon you health, both of soul and body, and bless your days as much as the humblest of its votaries desires.

ELMIRE. I am much obliged for this pious wish. But let us take a seat, to be more at ease.

TARTUFFE [*seated*]. Are you quite recovered from your indisposition?

ELMIRE [*seated*]. Quite; the fever soon left me.

TARTUFFE. My prayers are not deserving enough to have drawn this grace from above; but not one of them ascended to Heaven that had not your recovery for its object.

ELMIRE. You are too anxious in your zeal for me.

TARTUFFE. We cannot cherish your dear health too much; and to re-establish yours, I would have given mine.

ELMIRE. That is pushing Christian charity very far; and I feel much indebted to you for all this kindness.

TARTUFFE. I do much less for you than you deserve.

ELMIRE. I wished to speak to you in private about a certain matter, and am glad that no one is here to observe us.

TARTUFFE. I am equally delighted; and, indeed, it is very pleasant to me, Madam, to find myself alone with you. I have often asked Heaven for this opportunity, but, till now, in vain.

ELMIRE. What I wish is a few words with you, upon a small matter, in which you must open your heart and conceal nothing from me. [DAMIS, *without showing himself, half opens the door of the closet into which he had retired to listen to the conversation.*]

TARTUFFE. And I will also, in return for this rare favour, unbosom myself entirely to you, and swear to you that the reports which I have spread about the visits which you receive in homage of your charms, do not spring from any hatred toward you, but rather from a passionate zeal which carries me away, and out of a pure motive . . .

ELMIRE. That is how I take it. I think it is for my good that you trouble yourself so much.

TARTUFFE [*taking* ELMIRE'S *hand and pressing her fingers*]. Yes, Madam, no doubt; and my fervour is such . . .

ELMIRE. Oh! you squeeze me too hard.

TARTUFFE. It is through excess of zeal. I never had any intention of hurting you, and would sooner . . . [*He places his hand on* ELMIRE'S *knee.*]

ELMIRE. What does your hand there?

TARTUFFE. I am only feeling your dress: the stuff is very soft.

ELMIRE. Oh! please leave off, I am very ticklish. [ELMIRE *pushes her chair back, and* TARTUFFE *draws near with his.*]

TARTUFFE [*handling* ELMIRE'S *collar*]. Bless me! how wonderful is the workmanship of this lace! They work in a miraculous manner nowadays; never was anything so beautifully made.

ELMIRE. It is true. But let us have some talk about our affair. I have been told that my husband wishes to retract his promise, and give you his daughter. Is it true? Tell me.

TARTUFFE. He has hinted something to me; but to tell you the truth, Madam, that is not the happiness for which I am sighing: I behold elsewhere the marvellous attraction of that bliss which forms the height of my wishes.

ELMIRE. That is because you have no love for earthly things.

TARTUFFE. My breast does not contain a heart of flint.

ELMIRE. I believe that all your sighs tend toward Heaven, and that nothing here below rouses your desires.

TARTUFFE. The love which attaches us to eternal beauties does not stifle in us the love of earthly things; our senses may easily be charmed by the perfect works which Heaven has created. Its reflected loveliness shines forth in such as you; but in you alone it displays its choicest wonders. It has diffused on your face such a beauty, that it dazzles the eyes and transports the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you nature's author, and feeling my heart smitten with an ardent love for the most beautiful of portraits, wherein he has reproduced himself. At first I feared that this secret ardour might be nothing but a cunning snare of the foul fiend; and my heart even resolved to fly your presence, thinking that you might be an obstacle to my salvation. But at last I found, O most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blameable; that I could reconcile it with modesty; and this made me freely indulge it. It is, I confess, a great presumption in me to dare to offer you this heart; but, I expect, in my affections, everything from your

kindness, and nothing from the vain efforts of my own weakness. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my torment or my bliss; and it is by your decision solely that I shall be happy if you wish it; or miserable, if it pleases you.

ELMIRE. The declaration is exceedingly gallant; but it is, to speak truly, rather a little surprising. Methinks you ought to arm your heart better, and to reflect a little upon such a design. A pious man like you, and who is everywhere spoken of . . .

TARTUFFE. Ah! although I am a pious man, I am not the less a man; and, when one beholds your heavenly charms, the heart surrenders and reasons no longer. I know that such discourse from me must appear strange; but, after all, Madam, I am not an angel; and if my confession be condemned by you, you must blame your own attractions for it. As soon as I beheld their more than human loveliness, you became the queen of my soul. The ineffable sweetness of your divine glances broke down the resistance of my obstinate heart; it overcame everything—fastings, prayers, tears—and led all my desires to your charms. My looks and my sighs have told you so a thousand times; and, the better to explain myself, I now make use of words. If you should graciously contemplate the tribulations of your unworthy slave; if your kindness would console

me, and will condescend to stoop to my insignificant self, I shall ever entertain for you, O miracle of sweetness, an unexampled devotion. Your honour runs not the slightest risk with me, and need not fear the least disgrace on my part. All these court gallants, of whom women are so fond, are noisy in their doings and vain in their talk; they are incessantly pluming themselves on their successes, and they receive no favours which they do not divulge. Their indiscreet tongues, in which people confide, desecrate the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men of our stamp love discreetly, and with them a secret is always surely kept. The care which we take of our own reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the object of our love; and it is only with us, when they accept our hearts, that they find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

ELMIRE. I have listened to what you say, and your rhetoric explains itself in sufficiently strong terms to me. But are you not afraid that the fancy may take me to tell my husband of this gallant ardour; and that the prompt knowledge of such an amour might well change the friendship which he bears you.

TARTUFFE. I know that you are too gracious, and that you will pardon my boldness; that you will excuse, on the score of human frailty, the violent transports of a passion which offends you, and consider, by looking at yourself, that people

are not blind, and men are made of flesh and blood.

ELMIRE. Others would perhaps take it in a different fashion; but I shall show my discretion. I shall not tell the matter to my husband: but in return, I require something of you: that is, to forward, honestly and without quibbling, the union of Valère and Mariane, to renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another; and . . .

SCENE IV.—ELMIRE, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS [*coming out of the closet in which he was hidden*]. No, Madam, no; this shall be made public. I was in there when I overheard it all; and Providence seems to have conducted me thither to abash the pride of a wretch who wrongs me; to point me out a way to take vengeance on his hypocrisy and insolence; to undeceive my father, and to show him plainly the heart of a villain who talks to you of love.

ELMIRE. No, Damis; it suffices that he reforms, and endeavours to deserve my indulgence. Since I have promised him, do not make me break my word. I have no wish to provoke a scandal; a woman laughs at such follies, and never troubles her husband's ears with them.

DAMIS. You have your reasons for acting in that way, and I also have mine for behaving

differently. It is a farce to wish to spare him; and the insolent pride of his bigotry has already triumphed too much over my just anger, and caused too much disorder amongst us. The scoundrel has governed my father too long, and plotted against my affections as well as Valère's. My father must be undeceived about this perfidious wretch; and Heaven offers me an easy means. I am indebted to it for this opportunity, and it is too favourable to be neglected. I should deserve to have it snatched away from me, did I not make use of it, now that I have it in hand.

ELMIRE. Damis . . .

DAMIS. No, by your leave, I will use my own judgment. I am highly delighted: and all you can say will be in vain to make me forego the pleasure of revenge. I shall settle this affair without delay; and here is just the opportunity.

SCENE V.—ORGON, ELMIRE, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

DAMIS. We will enliven your arrival, Father, with an altogether fresh incident, that will surprise you much. You are well repaid for all your caresses, and this gentleman rewards your tenderness handsomely. His great zeal for you has just shown itself; he aims at nothing less than at dishonouring you; and I have just surprised him making to your wife an insulting avowal of

a guilty passion. Her sweet disposition and her too discreet feelings would by all means have kept the secret from you; but I cannot encourage such insolence, and think that to have been silent about it would have been to do you an injury.

ELMIRE. Yes, I am of opinion that we ought never to trouble a husband's peace with all those silly stories; that our honour does not depend upon that; and that it is enough for us to be able to defend ourselves. These are my sentiments; and you would have said nothing, Damis, if I had had any influence with you.

SCENE VI.—ORGON, DAMIS, TARTUFFE.

ORGON. What have I heard! Oh, Heavens! Is it credible?

TARTUFFE. Yes, brother, I am a wicked, guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity, the greatest villain that ever existed. Each moment of my life is replete with pollutions; it is but a mass of crime and corruption; and I see that Heaven, to chastise me, intends to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great crime may be laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what you are told, arm your anger, and drive me like a criminal from your house. Whatever shame you may heap upon me, I deserve still more.

ORGON [*to his son*]. What, wretch! dare you,

by this falsehood, tarnish the purity of his virtue?

DAMIS. What, shall the pretended gentleness of this hypocrite make you belie . . .

ORGON. Peace, cursed plague!

TARTUFFE. Ah! let him speak; you accuse him wrongly, and you had much better believe in his story. Why will you be so favourable to me after hearing such a fact? Are you, after all, aware of what I am capable? Why trust to my exterior, brother, and why, for all that is seen, believe me to be better than I am? No, no, you allow yourself to be deceived by appearances, and I am, alas! nothing less than what they think me. Everyone takes me to be a godly man, but the real truth is that I am very worthless. [*Addressing himself to* DAMIS.] Yes, my dear child, say on; call me a perfidious, infamous, lost wretch, a thief, a murderer; load me with still more detestable names; I shall not contradict you, I have deserved them; and I am willing on my knees to suffer ignominy, as a disgrace due to the crimes of my life.

ORGON [*to* TARTUFFE]. This is too much, brother. [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, wretch?

DAMIS. What! shall his words deceive you so far as to . . .

ORGON. Hold your tongue, you hangdog. [*Raising* TARTUFFE.] Rise, brother, I beseech you. [*To his son.*] Infamous wretch!

DAMIS. He can . . .

ORGON. Hold your tongue.

DAMIS. I burst with rage. What! I am looked upon as . . .

ORGON. Say another word, and I will break your bones.

TARTUFFE. In Heaven's name, brother, do not forget yourself! I would rather suffer the greatest hardship, than that he should receive the slightest hurt for my sake.

ORGON [*to his son*]. Ungrateful monster!

TARTUFFE. Leave him in peace. If I must, on both knees, ask you to pardon him . . .

ORGON [*throwing himself on his knees also, and embracing* TARTUFFE]. Alas! are you in jest? [*To his son.*] Behold his goodness, scoundrel!

DAMIS. Thus . . .

ORGON. Cease.

DAMIS. What! I . . .

ORGON. Peace, I tell you: I know too well the motive of your attack. You all hate him, and I now perceive wife, children, and servants all let loose against him. Every trick is impudently resorted to, to remove this pious person from my house; but the more efforts they put forth to banish him, the more shall I employ to keep him here, and I shall hasten to give him my daughter, to abash the pride of my whole family.

DAMIS. Do you mean to compel her to accept him?

ORGON. Yes, wretch! and to enrage you, this very evening. Yes! I defy you all, and shall let you know that I am the master, and that I will be obeyed. Come, retract; throw yourself at his feet immediately, you scoundrel, and ask his pardon.

DAMIS. What! I at the feet of this rascal who, by his impostures . . .

ORGON. What, you resist, you beggar, and insult him besides! [*To* TARTUFFE.] A cudgel! a cudgel! do not hold me back. [*To his son.*] Out of my house, this minute, and never dare to come back to it.

DAMIS. Yes, I shall go; but . . .

ORGON. Quick, leave the place. I disinherit you, you hangdog, and give you my curse besides.

SCENE VII.—ORGON, TARTUFFE.

ORGON. To offend a saintly person in that way!

TARTUFFE. Forgive him, O Heaven! the pang he causes me. [*To* ORGON.] Could you but know my grief at seeing myself blackened in my brother's sight . . .

ORGON. Alas!

TARTUFFE. The very thought of this ingratitude tortures my soul to that extent. . . . The horror I conceive of it. . . . My heart is so op-

pressed that I cannot speak, and I believe it will be my death.

ORGON [*running, all in tears, toward the door, by which his son has disappeared*]. Scoundrel! I am sorry my hand has spared you, and not knocked you down on the spot. [*To* TARTUFFE.] Compose yourself, brother, and do not grieve.

TARTUFFE. Let us put an end to these sad disputes. I perceive what troubles I cause in this house, and think it necessary, brother, to leave it.

ORGON. What! you are jesting surely?

TARTUFFE. They hate me, and I find that they are trying to make you suspect my integrity.

ORGON. What does it matter? Do you think that, in my heart, I listen to them?

TARTUFFE. They will not fail to continue, you may be sure; and these self-same stories which you now reject may, perhaps, be listened to at another time.

ORGON. No, brother, never.

TARTUFFE. Ah, brother! a wife may easily impose upon a husband.

ORGON. No, no.

TARTUFFE. Allow me, by removing hence promptly, to deprive them of all subject of attack.

ORGON. No, you shall remain; my life depends upon it.

TARTUFFE. Well! I must then mortify myself. If, however, you would . . .

ORGON. Ah!

TARTUFFE. Be it so: let us say no more about it. But I know how to manage in this. Honour is a tender thing, and friendship enjoins me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I shall shun your wife, and you shall not see me . . .

ORGON. No, in spite of all, you shall frequently be with her. To annoy the world is my greatest delight; and I wish you to be seen with her at all times. Nor is this all: the better to defy them all, I will have no other heir but you, and I am going forthwith to execute a formal deed of gift of all my property to you. A faithful and honest friend, whom I take for son-in-law, is dearer to me than son, wife, and parents. Will you not accept what I propose?

TARTUFFE. The will of Heaven be done in all things.

ORGON. Poor fellow. Quick! let us get the draft drawn up: and then let envy itself burst with spite!

ACT IV

SCENE I.—CLÉANTE, TARTUFFE.

CLÉANTE. Yes, everyone talks about it, and you may believe me. The stir which this rumour

makes is not at all to your credit; and I have just met you, Sir, opportunely, to tell you my opinion in two words. I will not sift these reports to the bottom; I refrain, and take the thing at its worst. Let us suppose that Damis has not acted well, and that you have been wrongly accused; would it not be like a Christian to pardon the offence, and to smother all desire of vengeance in your heart? And ought you, on account of a dispute with you, to allow a son to be driven from his father's home? I tell you once more, and candidly, that great and small are scandalized at it; and, if you will take my advice, you will try to make peace, and not push matters to extremes. Make a sacrifice to God of your resentment, and restore a son to his father's favour.

TARTUFFE. Alas! for my own part, I would do so with all my heart. I do not bear him, Sir, the slightest ill-will; I forgive him everything; I blame him for nothing; and would serve him to the best of my power. But Heaven's interest is opposed to it; and if he comes back, I must leave the house. After his unparalleled behaviour, communication with him would give rise to scandal: Heaven knows what all the world would immediately think of it! They would impute it to sheer policy on my part; and they would say everywhere, that knowing myself to be guilty, I pretend a charitable zeal for my accuser; that I am afraid, and wish to conciliate him, in

order to bribe him, in an underhand manner, into silence.

CLÉANTE. You try to put forward pretended excuses, and all your reasons, Sir, are too far-fetched. Why do you charge yourself with Heaven's interests? Has it any need of us to punish the guilty? Allow it to take its own course; think only of the pardon which it enjoins for offences, and do not trouble yourself about men's judgments, when you are following the sovereign edicts of Heaven. What! shall the trivial regard for what men may think prevent the glory of a good action? No, no; let us always do what Heaven prescribes, and not trouble our heads with other cares.

TARTUFFE. I have already told you that from my heart I forgive him; and that, Sir, is doing what Heaven commands us to do: but after the scandal and the insult of to-day, Heaven does not require me to live with him.

CLÉANTE. And does it require you, Sir, to lend your ear to what a mere whim dictates to his father, and to accept the gift of a property to which in justice you have no claim whatever?

TARTUFFE. Those who know me will not think that this proceeds from self-interest. All the world's goods have but few charms for me; I am not dazzled by their deceptive glare: and should I determine to accept from his father that dona-

tion which he wishes to make me, it is only, in truth, because I fear that all that property might fall in wicked hands; lest it might be divided amongst those who would make a bad use of it in this world, and would not employ it, as I intend, for the glory of Heaven and the well-being of my fellow men.

CLÉANTE. Oh, Sir, you need not entertain those delicate scruples, which may give cause for the rightful heir to complain. Allow him at his peril to enjoy his own, without troubling yourself in any way; and consider that it is better even that he should make a bad use of it, than that you should be accused of defrauding him of it. My only wonder is, that you could have received such a proposal unblushingly. For after all, has true piety any maxim showing how a legitimate heir may be stripped of his property? And if Heaven has put into your head an invincible obstacle to your living with Damis, would it not be better that as a prudent man you should make a civil retreat from this, than to allow that, contrary to all reason, the son should be turned out of the house for you. Believe me, Sir, this would be giving a proof of your probity. . . .

TARTUFFE. Sir, it is half-past three: certain religious duties call me upstairs, and you will excuse my leaving you so soon.

CLÉANTE [*alone*]. Ah!

SCENE II.—ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, DORINE.

DORINE [*to* CLÉANTE]. For Heaven's sake, Sir, bestir yourself with us for her: she is in mortal grief; and the marriage contract which her father has resolved upon being signed this evening, drives her every moment to despair. Here he comes! Pray, let us unite our efforts, and try, by force or art, to shake this unfortunate design that causes us all this trouble.

SCENE III.—ORGON, ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, DORINE.

ORGON. Ah! I am glad to see you all assembled. [*To* MARIANE.] There is something in this document to please you, and you know already what it means.

MARIANE [*at* ORGON'S *feet*]. Father, in the name of Heaven which knows my grief, and by all that can move your heart, relax somewhat of your paternal rights, and absolve me from obedience in this case. Do not compel me, by this harsh command, to reproach Heaven with my duty to you; and alas! do not make wretched the life which you have given me, Father. If, contrary to the sweet expectations which I have formed, you forbid me to belong to him whom I have dared to love, kindly save me at least, I implore you on my knees, from the torment of belonging

to one whom I abhor; and do not drive me to despair by exerting your full power over me.

ORGON [*somewhat moved*]. Firm, my heart; none of this human weakness!

MARIANE. Your tenderness for him causes me no grief; indulge it to its fullest extent, give him your wealth, and if that be not enough, add mine to it; I consent to it with all my heart, and I leave you to dispose of it. But, at least, stop short of my own self; and allow me to end in the austerities of a convent, the sad days which Heaven has allotted to me.

ORGON. Ah, that is it! When a father crosses a girl's love-sick inclination, she wishes to become a nun. Get up. The more repugnance you feel in accepting him, the greater will be your merit. Mortify your senses by this marriage, and do not trouble me any longer.

DORINE. But what . . .

ORGON. Hold your tongue. Meddle only with what concerns you. I flatly forbid you to say another word.

CLÉANTE. If you will permit me to answer you, and advise . . .

ORGON. Your advice is the best in the world, brother; it is well argued, and I set great store by it: but you must allow me not to avail myself of it.

ELMIRE [*to her husband*]. I am at a loss what to say, after all I have seen; and I quite admire

your blindness. You must be mightily bewitched and prepossessed in his favour, to deny to us the incidents of this day.

ORGON. I am your servant, and judge by appearances. I know your indulgence for my rascal of a son, and you were afraid of disowning the trick which he wished to play on the poor fellow. But, after all, you took it too quietly to be believed; and you ought to have appeared somewhat more upset.

ELMIRE. Is our honour to bridle up so strongly at the simple avowal of an amorous transport, and can there be no reply to aught that touches it, without fury in our eyes and invectives in our mouth? As for me, I simply laugh at such talk; and the noise made about it by no means pleases me. I love to show my discreetness quietly, and I am not at all like those savage prudes, whose honour is armed with claws and teeth, and who at the least word would scratch people's faces. Heaven preserve me from such good behaviour! I prefer a virtue that is not diabolical, and believe that a discreet and cold denial is no less effective in repelling a lover.

ORGON. In short, I know the whole affair, and will not be imposed upon.

ELMIRE. Once more, I wonder at your strange weakness; but what would your unbelief answer if I were to show you that you had been told the truth.

ORGON. Show!

ELMIRE. Aye.

ORGON. Stuff.

ELMIRE. But if I found the means to show you plainly? . . .

ORGON. Idle stories.

ELMIRE. What a strange man! Answer me, at least. I am not speaking of believing us; but suppose that we found a place where you could plainly see and hear everything, what would you say then of your good man?

ORGON. In that case, I should say that . . . I should say nothing, for the thing cannot be.

ELMIRE. Your delusion has lasted too long, and I have been too much taxed with imposture. I must, for my gratification, without going any farther, make you a witness of all that I have told you.

ORGON. Be it so. I take you at your word. We shall see your dexterity, and how you will make good this promise.

ELMIRE [*to* DORINE]. Bid him to come to me.

DORINE [*to* ELMIRE]. He is crafty, and it will be difficult, perhaps, to catch him.

ELMIRE [*to* DORINE]. No; people are easily duped by those whom they love, and conceit is apt to deceive itself. Bid him come down. [*To* CLÉANTE *and* MARIANE.] And do you retire.

Scene IV.—Elmire, Orgon.

Elmire. Come, and get under this table.

Orgon. Why so?

Elmire. It is necessary that you should conceal yourself well.

Orgon. But why under this table?

Elmire. Good Heavens! do as you are told; I have thought about my plan, and you shall judge. Get under there, I tell you, and, when you are there, take care not to be seen or heard.

Orgon. I confess that my complaisance is great; but I must needs see the end of your enterprise.

Elmire. You will have nothing, I believe, to reply to me. [*To* Orgon *under the table.*] Mind! I am going to meddle with a strange matter, do not be shocked in any way. I must be permitted to say what I like; and it is to convince you, as I have promised. Since I am compelled to it, I am going to make this hypocrite drop his mask by addressing soft speeches to him, flatter the shameful desires of his passion, and give him full scope for his audacity. As it is for your sake alone, and the better to confound him, that I pretend to yield to his wishes, I shall cease as soon as you show yourself, and things need not go farther than you wish. It is for you to stop his mad passion, when you think matters are carried far enough, to spare your wife, and not to expose

me any more than is necessary to disabuse you. This is your business, it remains entirely with you, and . . . But he comes. Keep close, and be careful not to show yourself.

SCENE V.—TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, ORGON [*under the table*].

TARTUFFE. I have been told that you wished to speak to me here.

ELMIRE. Yes. Some secrets will be revealed to you. But close this door before they are told to you, and look about everywhere, for fear of a surprise. [TARTUFFE *closes the door, and comes back.*] We assuredly do not want here a scene like the one we just passed through: I never was so startled in my life. Damis put me in a terrible fright for you; and you saw, indeed, that I did my utmost to frustrate his intentions and calm his excitement. My confusion, it is true, was so great, that I had not a thought of contradicting him: but, thanks to Heaven, everything has turned out the better for that, and is upon a much surer footing. The esteem in which you are held has allayed the storm, and my husband will not take any umbrage at you. The better to brave people's ill-natured comments, he wishes us to be together at all times; and it is through this that, without fear of incurring blame, I can be closeted here alone with you; and this justifies me in open-

ing to you my heart, a little too ready, perhaps, to listen to your passion.

TARTUFFE. This language is somewhat difficult to understand, Madam; and you just now spoke in quite a different strain.

ELMIRE. Ah! how little you know the heart of a woman, if such a refusal makes you angry; and how little you understand what it means to convey, when it defends itself so feebly! In those moments, our modesty always combats the tender sentiments with which we may be inspired. Whatever reason we may find for the passion that subdues us, we always feel some shame in owning it. We deny it at first: but in such a way as to give you sufficiently to understand that our heart surrenders; that, for honour's sake, words oppose our wishes, and that such refusals promise everything. This is, no doubt, making a somewhat plain confession to you, and showing little regard for our modesty. But, since these words have at last escaped me, would I have been so anxious to restrain Damis, would I, pray, have so complacently listened, for such a long time, to the offer of your heart, would I have taken the matter as I have done, if the offer of that heart had had nothing in it to please me? And, when I myself would have compelled you to refuse the match that had just been proposed, what ought this entreaty to have given you to understand, but the interest I was disposed to take in you, and

the vexation it would have caused me, that this marriage would have at least divided a heart that I wished all to myself?

TARTUFFE. It is very sweet, no doubt, Madam, to hear these words from the lips we love; their honey plentifully diffuses a suavity throughout my senses, such as was never yet tasted. The happiness of pleasing you is my highest study, and my heart reposes all its bliss in your affection; but, by your leave, this heart presumes still to have some doubt in its own felicity. I may look upon these words as a decent stratagem to compel me to break off the match that is on the point of being concluded; and, if I must needs speak candidly to you, I shall not trust to such tender words, until some of those favours, for which I sigh, have assured me of all which they intend to express, and fixed in my heart a firm belief of the charming kindness which you intend for me.

ELMIRE [*after having coughed to warn her husband*]. What! would you proceed so fast, and exhaust the tenderness of one's heart at once? One takes the greatest pains to make you the sweetest declarations; meanwhile is not that enough for you? and will nothing content you, but pushing things to the utmost extremity?

TARTUFFE. The less a blessing is deserved, the less one presumes to expect it. Our love dares hardly rely upon words. A lot full of happiness is difficult to realize, and we wish to enjoy it before

believing in it. As for me, who think myself so little deserving of your favours, I doubt the success of my boldness; and shall believe nothing, Madam, until you have convinced my passion by real proofs.

ELMIRE. Good Heavens! how very tyrannically your love acts! And into what a strange confusion it throws me! What a fierce sway it exercises over our hearts! and how violently it clamours for what it desires! What! can I find no shelter from your pursuit? and will you scarcely give me time to breathe? Is it decent to be so very exacting, and to insist upon your demands being satisfied immediately; and thus, by your pressing efforts, to take advantage of the weakness which you see one has for you?

TARTUFFE. But if you look upon my addresses with a favourable eye, why refuse me convincing proofs?

ELMIRE. But how can I comply with what you wish, without offending that Heaven of which you are always speaking?

TARTUFFE. If it be nothing but Heaven that opposes itself to my wishes, it is a trifle for me to remove such an obstacle; and that need be no restraint upon your love.

ELMIRE. But they frighten us so much with the judgments at Heaven!

TARTUFFE. I can dispel these ridiculous fears for you, Madam, and I possess the art of allaying

scruples. Heaven, it is true, forbids certain gratifications, but there are ways and means of compounding such matters. According to our different wants, there is a science which loosens that which binds our conscience, and which rectifies the evil of the act with the purity of our intentions. We shall be able to initiate you into these secrets, Madam; you have only to be led by me. Satisfy my desires, and have no fear; I shall be answerable for everything, and shall take the sin upon myself. [ELMIRE *coughs louder.*] You cough very much, Madam?

ELMIRE. Yes, I am much tormented.

TARTUFFE. Would you like a piece of this liquorice?

ELMIRE. It is an obstinate cold, no doubt; and I know that all the liquorice in the world will do it no good.

TARTUFFE. That, certainly, is very sad.

ELMIRE. Yes, more than I can say.

TARTUFFE. In short, your scruples, Madam, are easily overcome. You may be sure of the secret being kept, and there is no harm done unless the thing is bruited about. The scandal which it causes constitutes the offence, and sinning in secret is no sinning at all.

ELMIRE [*after having coughed once more*]. In short, I see that I must make up my mind to yield; that I must consent to grant you everything; and that with less than that, I ought not

to pretend to satisfy you, or to be believed. It is no doubt very hard to go to that length, and it is greatly in spite of myself that I venture thus far; but, since people persist in driving me to this; since they will not credit aught I may say, and wish for more convincing proofs, I can but resolve to act thus, and satisfy them. If this gratification offends, so much the worse for those who force me to it: the fault ought surely not to be mine.

TARTUFFE. Yes, Madam, I take it upon myself; and the thing in itself . . .

ELMIRE. Open this door a little, and see, pray, if my husband be not in that gallery.

TARTUFFE. What need is there to take so much thought about him? Between ourselves, he is easily led by the nose. He is likely to glory in all our interviews, and I have brought him so far that he will see everything, and without believing anything.

ELMIRE. It matters not. Go, pray, for a moment and look carefully everywhere outside.

SCENE VI.—ORGON, ELMIRE.

ORGON [*coming from under the table*]. This is, I admit to you, an abominable wretch! I cannot recover myself, and all this perfectly stuns me.

ELMIRE. What, you come out so soon! You

are surely jesting. Get under the tablecloth again; it is not time yet. Stay to the end, to be quite sure of the thing, and do not trust at all to mere conjectures.

ORGON. No, nothing more wicked ever came out of hell.

ELMIRE. Good Heavens! you ought not to believe things so lightly. Be fully convinced before you give in; and do not hurry for fear of being mistaken. [ELMIRE *pushes* ORGON *behind her.*]

SCENE VII.—TARTUFFE, ELMIRE, ORGON.

TARTUFFE [*without seeing* ORGON]. Everything conspires, Madam, to my satisfaction. I have surveyed the whole apartment; there is no one there; and my delighted soul . . . [*At the moment that* TARTUFFE *advances with open arms to embrace* ELMIRE, *she draws back, and* TARTUFFE *preceives* ORGON.]

ORGON [*stopping* TARTUFFE]. Gently! you are too eager in your amorous transports, and you ought not to be so impetuous. Ha! ha! good man, you wished to victimize me! How you are led away by temptations! You would marry my daughter, and covet my wife! I have been a long while in doubt whether you were in earnest, and I always expected you would change your tone; but this is pushing the proof far enough: I am satisfied, and wish for no more.

ELMIRE [*to* TARTUFFE]. It is much against my inclinations that I have done this: but I have been driven to the necessity of treating you thus.

TARTUFFE [*to* ORGON]. What! do you believe . . .

ORGON. Come, pray, no more. Be off! and without ceremony.

TARTUFFE. My design . . .

ORGON. These speeches are no longer of any use; you must get out of this house, and forthwith.

TARTUFFE. It is for you to get out, you who assume the mastership: the house belongs to me, I will make you know it, and show you plainly enough that it is useless to resort to these cowardly tricks to pick a quarrel with me; that one cannot safely, as one thinks, insult me; that I have the means of confounding and of punishing imposture, of avenging offended Heaven, and of making those repent who talk of turning me out hence.

SCENE VIII.—ELMIRE, ORGON.

ELMIRE. What language is this? and what does he mean?

ORGON. I am, in truth, all confusion, and this is no laughing matter.

ELMIRE. How so?

ORGON. I perceive my mistake by what he says; and the deed of gift troubles my mind.

ELMIRE. The deed of gift?

ORGON. Yes. The thing is done. But something else disturbs me, too.

ELMIRE. And what?

ORGON. You shall know all. But first let us go and see if a certain box is still upstairs.

ACT V

SCENE I.—ORGON, CLÉANTE.

CLÉANTE. Where would you run to?

ORGON. Indeed! how can I tell?

CLÉANTE. It seems to me that we should begin by consulting together what had best be done in this emergency.

ORGON. This box troubles me sorely. It makes me despair more than all the rest.

CLÉANTE. This box then contains an important secret?

ORGON. It is a deposit that Argas himself, the friend whom I pity, entrusted secretly to my own hands. He selected me for this in his flight; and from what he told me, it contains documents upon which his life and fortune depend.

CLÉANTE. Why then did you confide it into other hands?

ORGON. It was from a conscientious motive. I

straightway confided the secret to the wretch; and his arguing persuaded me to give this box into his keeping, so that, in case of any inquiry, I might be able to deny it by a ready subterfuge, by which my conscience might have full absolution for swearing against the truth.

CLÉANTE. This is critical, at least, to judge from appearances; and the deed of gift, and his confidence, have been, to tell you my mind, steps too inconsiderately taken. You may be driven far with such pledges; and since the fellow has these advantages over you, it is a great imprudence on your part to drive him to extremities; and you ought to seek some gentler method.

ORGON. What! to hide such a double-dealing heart, so wicked a soul, under so fair an appearance of touching fervour! And I who received him in my house a beggar and penniless. . . . It is all over; I renounce all pious people. Henceforth I shall hold them in utter abhorrence, and be worse to them than the very devil.

CLÉANTE. Just so! you exaggerate again! You never preserve moderation in anything. You never keep within reason's bounds; and always rush from one extreme to another. You see your mistake, and find out that you have been imposed upon by a pretended zeal. But is there any reason why, in order to correct yourself, you should fall into a greater error still, and say that all pious people have the same feelings as that per-

fidious rascal? What! because a scoundrel has audaciously deceived you, under the pompous show of outward austerity, you will needs have it that every one is like him, and that there is no really pious man to be found nowadays? Leave those foolish deductions to free-thinkers: distinguish between real virtue and its counterfeit; never bestow your esteem too hastily, and keep in this the necessary middle course. Beware, if possible, of honouring imposture; but do not attack true piety also; and if you must fall into an extreme, rather offend again on the other side.

Scene II.—Orgon, Cléante, Damis.

Damis. What! Father, is it true that this scoundrel threatens you? that he forgets all that you have done for him, and that his cowardly and too contemptible pride turns your kindness for him against yourself?

Orgon. Even so, my son; and it causes me unutterable grief.

Damis. Leave him to me, I will slice his ears off. Such insolence must not be tolerated: it is my duty to deliver you from him at once; and, to put an end to this matter, I must knock him down.

Cléante. Spoken just like a regular youth. Moderate, if you please, these violent transports.

We live under a government, and in an age, in which violence only makes matters worse.

SCENE III.—MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, DAMIS, DORINE.

MADAME PERNELLE. What is all this? What dreadful things do I hear!

ORGON. Some novelties which my own eyes have witnessed, and you see how I am repaid for my kindness. I affectionately harbour a fellow creature in his misery, I shelter him and treat him as my own brother; I heap favours upon him every day; I give him my daughter, and everything I possess: and, at that very moment, the perfidious, infamous wretch forms the wicked design of seducing my wife; and, not content even with these vile attempts, he dares to threaten me with my own favours; and, to encompass my ruin, wishes to take advantage of my indiscreet good nature, drive me from my property which I have transferred to him, and reduce me to that condition from which I rescued him!

DORINE. Poor fellow!

MADAME PERNELLE. I can never believe, my son, that he would commit so black a deed.

ORGON. What do you mean?

MADAME PERNELLE. Good people are always envied.

ORGON. What do you mean by all this talk, Mother?

MADAME PERNELLE. That there are strange goings-on in your house, and that we know but too well the hatred they bear him.

ORGON. What has this hatred to do with what I have told you?

MADAME PERNELLE. I have told you a hundred times, when a boy,

> "That virtue here is persecuted ever;
> That envious men may die, but envy never."

ORGON. But in what way does this bear upon to-day's doings?

MADAME PERNELLE. They may have concocted a hundred idle stories against him.

ORGON. I have already told you that I have seen everything myself.

MADAME PERNELLE. The malice of slanderers is very great.

ORGON. You will make me swear, Mother. I tell you that with my own eyes I have witnessed this daring crime.

MADAME PERNELLE. Evil tongues have always venom to scatter abroad, and nothing here below can guard against it.

ORGON. That is a very senseless remark. I have seen it, I say, seen with my own eyes, seen, what you call seen. Am I to din it a hundred

times in your ears, and shout like four people?

MADAME PERNELLE. Goodness me! appearances most frequently deceive: you must not always judge by what you see.

ORGON. I am boiling with rage!

MADAME PERNELLE. Human nature is liable to false suspicions, and good is often construed into evil.

ORGON. I must construe the desire to embrace my wife into a charitable design!

MADAME PERNELLE. It is necessary to have good reasons for accusing people; and you ought to have waited until you were quite certain of the thing.

ORGON. How the deuce could I be more certain? Ought I to have waited, Mother, until to my very eyes, he had . . . You will make me say some foolish thing.

MADAME PERNELLE. In short, his soul is too full of pure zeal; and I cannot at all conceive that he would have attempted the things laid to his charge.

ORGON. Go, my passion is so great that, if you were not my mother, I do not know what I might say to you.

DORINE [*to* ORGON]. A just reward of things here below, Sir; you would not believe any one, and now they will not believe you.

CLÉANTE. We are wasting in mere trifling the time that should be employed in devising some

measures. We must not remain inactive when a knave threatens.

DAMIS. What! would his effrontery go to that extent?

ELMIRE. As for me, I hardly think it possible, and his ingratitude here shows itself too plainly.

CLÉANTE [*to* ORGON]. Do not trust to that; he will find some means to justify his doings against you; and for less than this, a powerful party has involved people in a vexatious maze. I tell you once more, that, armed with what he has, you should never have pushed him thus far.

ORGON. True enough; but what could I do? I was unable to master my resentment at the presumption of the wretch.

CLÉANTE. I wish, with all my heart, that we could patch up even a shadow of peace between you two.

ELMIRE. Had I but known how he was armed against us, I would have avoided bringing things to such a crisis; and my . . .

ORGON [*to* DORINE, *seeing* M. LOYAL *come in*]. What does this man want? Go and see quickly. I am in a fine state for people to come to see me!

SCENE IV.—ORGON, MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, DAMIS, DORINE, M. LOYAL.

M. LOYAL [*to* DORINE *at the farther part of*

the stage]. Good-morning, dear sister; pray, let me speak to your master.

DORINE. He is engaged; and I doubt whether he can see any one at present.

M. LOYAL. I do not intend to be intrusive in his own house. I believe that my visit will have nothing to displease him. I have come upon a matter of which he will be very glad.

DORINE. Your name?

M. LOYAL. Only tell him that I am come from Monsieur Tartuffe, for his good.

DORINE [*to* ORGON]. This is a man who comes, in a gentle way, from Monsieur Tartuffe, upon some business, of which, he says, you will be very glad.

CLÉANTE [*to* ORGON]. You must see who this man is, and what he wants.

ORGON [*to* CLÉANTE]. Perhaps he comes to reconcile us: How shall I receive him?

CLÉANTE. You must not allow your anger to get the upper hand, and if he speaks of an arrangement, you should listen to him.

M. LOYAL [*to* ORGON]. Your servant, Sir! May Heaven punish those who would harm you, and may it favour you as much as I wish!

ORGON [*softly to* CLÉANTE]. This mild beginning confirms my opinion, and augurs already some reconciliation.

M. LOYAL. Your whole family has always been dear to me, and I served your father.

ORGON. I am ashamed, Sir, and crave your pardon for not knowing you or your name.

M. LOYAL. My name is Loyal, a native of Normandy, and I am a tipstaff to the court in spite of envy. For the last forty years, I have had the happiness, thanking Heaven, of exercising the functions thereof with much honour; and I have come, with your leave, Sir, to serve you with a writ of a certain decree . . .

ORGON. What! you are here . . .

M. LOYAL. Let us proceed without anger, Sir. It is nothing but a summons; a notice to quit this house, you and yours, to remove your chattels, and to make room for others, without delay or remissness, as required hereby.

ORGON. I! leave this house!

M. LOYAL. Yes, Sir, if you please. The house at present, as you well know, belongs incontestably to good Monsieur Tartuffe. Of all your property, he is henceforth lord and master, by virtue of a contract of which I am the bearer. It is in due form, and nothing can be said against it.

DAMIS [*to* M. LOYAL]. Certainly this impudence is immense, and I admire it!

M. LOYAL [*to* DAMIS]. Sir, my business lies not with you [*pointing to* ORGON]; it is with this gentleman. He is both reasonable and mild, and knows too well the duty of an honest man to oppose the law in any way.

ORGON. But . . .

M. LOYAL. Yes, Sir, I know that you would not rebel for a million of money, and that, like a gentleman, you will allow me to execute here the orders which I have received.

DAMIS. M. Tipstaff, you may chance to get your black gown well dusted here.

M. LOYAL [*to* ORGON]. Order your son to hold his tongue or to retire, Sir. I should be very loth to have recourse to writing, and to see your name figure in my official report.

DORINE [*aside*]. This M. Loyal has a very disloyal air.

M. LOYAL. Having a great deal of sympathy with all honest people, I charged myself with these documents, Sir, as much to oblige and please you, as to avoid the choice of those who, not having the same consideration for you that inspires me, might have proceeded in a less gentle way.

ORGON. And what can be worse than to order people to quit their own house?

M. LOYAL. You are allowed time, and I shall suspend until to-morrow the execution of the writ, Sir. I shall come only to pass the night here with ten of my people without noise or without scandal. For form's sake you must, if you please, before going to bed, bring me the keys of your door. I shall take care not to disturb your rest, and to permit nothing which is not right. But

to-morrow, you must be ready in the morning to clear the house of even the smallest utensil; my people shall assist you, and I have selected strong ones, so that they can help you to remove everything. One cannot act better than I do, I think; and as I am treating you with great indulgence, I entreat you also, Sir, to profit by it, so that I may not be annoyed in the execution of my duty.

ORGON [*aside*]. I would willingly give just now the best hundred gold pieces of what remains to me for the pleasure of striking on this snout the soundest blow that ever was dealt.

CLÉANTE [*softly to* ORGON]. Leave well alone. Do not let us make things worse.

DAMIS. I can hardly restrain myself at this strange impertinence, and my fingers are itching.

DORINE. Upon my word, M. Loyal, with such a broad back, a few cudgel blows would do you no harm.

M. LOYAL. We might easily punish these infamous words, sweetheart; and there is a law against women, too.

CLÉANTE [*to* M. LOYAL]. Pray let us put an end to all this, Sir. Hand over this paper quickly, and leave us.

M. LOYAL. Till by-and-by. May Heaven bless you all!

ORGON. And may it confound you, and him who sends you!

SCENE V.—ORGON, MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, DAMIS, DORINE.

ORGON. Well! Mother, do you see now whether I am right; and you may judge of the rest from the writ. Do you at last perceive his treacheries?

MADAME PERNELLE. I stand aghast, and feel as if dropped from the clouds.

DORINE [*to* ORGON]. You are wrong to complain, you are wrong to blame him, and his pious designs are confirmed by this. His virtue is perfected in the love for his neighbour. He knows that worldly goods often corrupt people, and he wishes, from pure charity, to take everything away from you which might become an obstacle to your salvation.

ORGON. Hold your tongue. I must always be saying that to you.

CLÉANTE [*to* ORGON]. Let us decide what had best be done.

ELMIRE. Go and expose the audacity of the ungrateful wretch. This proceeding destroys the validity of the contract; and his treachery will appear too black to allow him to meet with the success which we surmise.

SCENE VI.—VALÈRE, ORGON, MADAME PERNELLE, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, DAMIS, DORINE.

VALÈRE. It is with great regret, Sir, that I come to afflict you; but I see myself compelled to it by pressing danger. A most intimate and faithful friend, who knows the interest which I take in you, has, for my sake, by a most hazardous step, violated the secrecy due to the affairs of the State, and has just sent me an intimation, in consequence of which you will be obliged to flee immediately. The scoundrel who has long imposed upon you has an hour since accused you to the King, and amongst other charges which he brings against you, has lodged in his hands important documents of a state-criminal, of which, he says, contrary to the duty of a subject, you have kept the guilty secret. I am ignorant of the details of the crime laid to your charge; but a warrant is out against you; and the better to execute it, he himself is to accompany the person who is to arrest you.

CLÉANTE. These are his armed rights; and by this the traitor seeks to make himself master of your property.

ORGON. The man is, I own to you, a wicked brute!

VALÈRE. The least delay may be fatal to you. I have my coach at the door to carry you off, with a thousand louis which I bring you. Let us lose no time; the blow is terrible, and is one of those which are best parried by flight. I offer myself to conduct you to a place of safety, and will accompany you to the end of your flight.

ORGON. Alas, what do I not owe to your considerate efforts! I must await another opportunity to thank you; and I implore Heaven to be propitious enough to enable me one day to acknowledge this generous service. Farewell: be careful, the rest of you . . .

CLÉANTE. Go quickly. We will endeavour, brother, to do what is necessary.

SCENE VII.—TARTUFFE, A POLICE OFFICER, MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRE, CLÉANTE, MARIANE, VALÈRE, DAMIS, DORINE.

TARTUFFE [*stopping* ORGON]. Gently, Sir, gently, do not run so fast. You will not have to go far to find a lodging; we take you a prisoner in the King's name.

ORGON. Wretch! you have reserved this blow for the last: this is the stroke, villain, by which you dispatch me; and which crowns all your perfidies.

TARTUFFE. Your abuse cannot incense me; Heaven has taught me to suffer everything.

CLÉANTE. Your moderation is great, I confess.

DAMIS. How impudently the villain sports with Heaven!

TARTUFFE. All your outrages cannot move me in the least; and I think of nothing but my duty.

MARIANE. You may glorify yourself very much upon this; and this task is very honourable for you to undertake.

TARTUFFE. A task cannot but be glorious when it proceeds from the power that sends me hither.

ORGON. But do you remember, ungrateful wretch, that my charitable hand raised you from a miserable condition?

TARTUFFE. Yes, I know what help I received from you; but the King's interest is my first duty. The just obligation of this sacred duty stifles all gratitude of my heart; and to such a powerful consideration, I would sacrifice friend, wife, kindred, and myself with them.

ELMIRE. The impostor!

DORINE. How artfully he makes himself a lovely cloak of all that is sacred.

CLÉANTE. But if this zeal which guides you, and upon which you plume yourself so much, be so perfect as you say, why has it not shown itself until Orgon caught you trying to seduce his wife;

and why did you not think of denouncing him until his honour obliged him to drive you from his house? I do not say that the gift of all his property, which he has made over to you, ought to have turned you from your duty; but why, wishing to treat him as a criminal to-day, did you consent to take aught from him?

TARTUFFE [*to the* OFFICER]. Pray, Sir, deliver me from this clamour, and be good enough to execute your orders.

OFFICER. Yes, we have no doubt delayed too long to discharge them; your words remind me of this just in time; and to execute them, follow me directly to the prison which is destined for your abode.

TARTUFFE. Who? I, Sir?

OFFICER. Yes, you.

TARTUFFE. Why to prison?

OFFICER. I have no account to give to you. [*To* ORGON.] Compose yourself, Sir, after so great an alarm. We live under a monarch, an enemy of fraud, a monarch whose eyes penetrate into the heart, and whom all the art of impostors cannot deceive. Blessed with great discernment, his lofty soul looks clearly at things; it is never betrayed by exaggeration, and his sound reason falls into no excess. He bestows lasting glory on men of worth; but he shows this zeal without blindness, and his love for sincerity does not close his heart to the horror which falsehood must

inspire. Even this person could not hoodwink him, and he has guarded himself against more artful snares. He soon perceived, by his subtle penetration, all the vileness concealed in his inmost heart. In coming to accuse you, he has betrayed himself, and, by a just stroke of supreme justice, discovered himself to the King as a notorious rogue, against whom information had been laid under another name. His life is a long series of wicked actions, of which whole volumes might be written. Our monarch, in short, has detested his vile ingratitude and disloyalty toward you; has joined this affair to his other misdeeds, and has placed me under his orders, only to see his impertinence carried out to the end, and to make him by himself give you satisfaction for everything. Yes, he wishes me to strip the wretch of all your documents which he professes to possess, and to give them into your hands. By his sovereign power he annuls the obligations of the contract which gave him all your property, and lastly, pardons you this secret offence, in which the flight of a friend has involved you; and it is the reward of your former zeal in upholding his rights, to show that he knows how to recompense a good action when least thought of; that merit never loses aught with him; and that he remembers good much better than evil.

DORINE. Heaven be praised!

MADAME PERNELLE. I breathe again.

ELMIRE. Favourable success!

MARIANE. Who dared foretell this?

ORGON [*to* TARTUFFE, *whom the* OFFICER *leads off.*] Well, wretch, there you are . . .

SCENE VIII.—MADAME PERNELLE, ORGON, ELMIRE, MARIANE, CLÉANTE, VALÈRE, DAMIS, DORINE.

CLÉANTE. Ah! brother, stop; and do not descend to indignities. Leave the wretch to his fate, and do not add to the remorse that overwhelms him. Rather wish that his heart, from this day, may be converted to virtue; that, through detestation of his crimes, he may reform his life, and soften the justice of our great prince; while you throw yourself at his knees to render thanks for his goodness, which has treated you so leniently.

ORGON. Yes, it is well said. Let us throw ourselves joyfully at his feet, to laud the kindness which his heart displays to us. Then, having acquitted ourselves of this first duty, we must apply ourselves to the just cares of another, and by a sweet union crown in Valère the flame of a generous and sincere lover.

MOLIÈRE.

ELECTRA AND ORESTES

After Agamemnon had been killed by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her paramour, Aegisthos, his son, Orestes, is sent away, lest he in turn avenge his father's death by killing his mother and her lover. His sister, Electra, is allowed to remain at the palace where she broods upon her sorrows and waits year after year for her brother's return. When he does finally come, bringing with him his friend, Pylades, he does not give his own name, for he wishes to conceal his identity until he has accomplished his purpose. Further to throw his enemies off the track he brings a funeral urn which he declares contains the ashes of Orestes, but the sight of Electra's grief is more than he can bear and he lets her know that he is indeed her brother. The scene opens with the appearance of Orestes and Pylades who inquire of the chorus the way to the home of Aegisthos.

The scene is before the palace of Agamemnon.

[*Enter* ORESTES *and* PYLADES, *followed by two or three* Attendants *bearing a funeral urn.*]

ORESTES

And did we then, ye women, hear aright?
And do we rightly journey where we wish?

CHORUS

What dost thou search? And wherefore art thou come?

ORESTES

This long time past I seek Ægisthos' home.

CHORUS

Thou comest right, and blameless he who told thee.

ORESTES

And which of you would tell to those within
The longed-for coming of our company?

CHORUS [*pointing to* ELECTRA].

She, if 'tis fit to call the nearest one.

ORESTES

Go, then, O maiden, go and tell them there,
That certain men from Phokis seek Ægisthos.

ELECTRA

Ah, wretched me! It cannot be ye bring
Clear proofs of that dire rumour which we heard?

ORESTES

I know not of thy rumour; Strophios old
Charged me to bring the news about Orestes.

ELECTRA

What is it, stranger? Fear creeps through my veins.

ORESTES

We bring, as thou dost see, in one small urn,
All that is left, poor relics of the dead.

ELECTRA

Ah, me! And this is it! 'Twould seem I gaze
On that same burden, clear and close at hand.

ORESTES

If thou dost weep Orestes' hapless fate,
Know that this urn doth all his body hold.

ELECTRA

Ah, stranger! Now by all the Gods, I pray,
If this urn hold him, give it in mine hands,
That I my fate and that of all my kin
May wail and weep with these poor ashes here.

ORESTES [*to his* Attendants].

Bring it, and give it her, whoe'er she be:
At least she does not ask it as in hate,
But is perchance a friend, or near in blood.

ELECTRA [*taking the urn in her hands*].

O sole memorial of his life whom most
Of all alive I loved! Orestes mine,
With other thoughts I sent thee forth than these
With which I now receive thee. Now, I bear
In these my hands what is but nothingness;
But sent thee forth, dear boy, in bloom of youth.
Ah, would that I long since had ceased to live
Before I sent thee to a distant shore,
With these my hands, and saved thee then from death!
So had'st thou perished on that self-same day,
And had a share in that thy father's tomb.

But now from home, an exile in a land
That was not thine, without thy sister near,
So did'st thou die, and I, alas, poor me!
Did neither lay thee out with lustral rites
And loving hands, nor bear thee, as was meet,
Sad burden, from the blazing funeral pyre;
But thou, poor sufferer, tended by the hands
Of strangers, comest, in this paltry urn,
In paltry bulk. Ah, miserable me!
For all the nurture, now so profitless,
Which I was wont with sweetest toil to give
For thee, my brother. Never did she love,
Thy mother, as I loved thee; nor did they
Who dwell within there nurse thee, but 'twas I,
And I was ever called thy sister true;
But now all this has vanished in a day
In this thy death; for, like a whirlwind, thou
Hast passed, and swept off all. My father falls;
I perish; thou thyself hast gone from sight;
Our foes exult. My mother, wrongly named,
For mother she is none, is mad with joy,
Of whom thou oft did'st send word secretly
That thou would'st come and one day show thyself
A true avenger. But thine evil fate,
Thine and mine also, hath bereaved me of thee,
And now hath sent, instead of that dear form,
This dust, this shadow, vain and profitless.
Woe, woe is me!
O piteous, piteous corpse!

Thou dearest, who did'st tread,
(Woe, woe is me!)
Paths full of dread and fear,
How hast thou brought me low,
Yea, brought me very low, thou dearest one!
Therefore receive thou me to this thine home,
Ashes to ashes, that with thee below
I may from henceforth dwell. When thou wast here
I shared with thee an equal lot, and now
I crave in dying not to miss thy tomb;
For those that die I see are freed of grief.

CHORUS

Thou, O Electra, take good heed, wast born
Of mortal father, mortal, too, Orestes;
Yield not too much to grief. To suffer thus
Is common lot of all.

ORESTES [*trembling*].

Ah, woe is me!
What shall I say? Ah, whither find my way
In words confused? I fail to rule my speech.

ELECTRA

What grief disturbs thee? Wherefore speak'st thou thus?

ORESTES

Is this Electra's noble form I see?

ELECTRA

That self-same form, and sad enough its state.

ORESTES
Alas, alas, for this sad lot of thine!

ELECTRA
Surely thou dost not wail, O friend, for me?

ORESTES
O form most basely, godlessly misused!

ELECTRA
Thy words ill-omened fall on none but me.

ORESTES
Alas, for this thy life of lonely woe!

ELECTRA
Why, in thy care for me, friend, groanest thou?

ORESTES
How little knew I of my fortune's ills!

ELECTRA
What have I said to throw such light on them?

ORESTES
Now that I see thee clad with many woes.

ELECTRA
And yet thou see'st but few of all mine ills.

ORESTES
What could be sadder than all this to see?

ELECTRA
This, that I sit at meat with murderers.

ORESTES

With whose? What evil dost thou mean by this?

ELECTRA

My father's; next, I'm forced to be their slave.

ORESTES

And who constrains thee to this loathèd task?

ELECTRA

My mother she is called, no mother like.

ORESTES

How so? By blows, or life with hardships full?

ELECTRA

Both blows and hardships, and all forms of ill.

ORESTES

And is there none to help, not one to check?

ELECTRA

No, none. Who was . . . thou bringest him as dust.

ORESTES

O sad one! Long I pitied as I gazed!

ELECTRA

Know, then, that thou alone dost pity me.

ORESTES

For I alone come suffering woes like thine.

ELECTRA

What? Can it be thou art of kin to us?

ORESTES

If these are friendly, I could tell thee more.

ELECTRA

Friendly are they; thou'lt speak to faithful ones.

ORESTES

Put by that urn, that thou may'st hear the whole.

ELECTRA

Ah, by the Gods, O stranger, ask not that.

ORESTES

Do what I bid thee, and thou shalt not err.

ELECTRA

Nay, by thy beard, of that prize rob me not.

ORESTES

I may not have it so.

ELECTRA

Ah me, Orestes,
How wretched I, bereaved of this thy tomb!

ORESTES

Hush, hush such words: thou hast no cause for wailing.

ELECTRA

Have I no cause, who mourn a brother's death?

ORESTES
Thou hast no call to utter speech like this.

ELECTRA
Am I then deemed unworthy of the dead?

ORESTES
Of none unworthy. This is nought to thee.

ELECTRA
Yet if I hold Orestes' body here.

ORESTES
'Tis not Orestes' save in show of speech.

ELECTRA
Where, then, is that poor exile's sepulchre?

ORESTES
Nay, of the living there's no sepulchre.

ELECTRA
What say'st thou, boy?

ORESTES
No falsehood what I say.

ELECTRA
And does he live?

ORESTES
He lives, if I have life.

ELECTRA
What? Art thou he?

ORESTES

Look thou upon this seal,
My father's once, and learn if I speak truth.

ELECTRA

O blessed light!

ORESTES

Most blessed, I too own.

ELECTRA

O voice! And art thou come?

ORESTES

No longer learn
Thy news from others.

ELECTRA

And I have thee here,
Here in my grasp?

ORESTES

So may'st thou always have me!

ELECTRA

O dearest friends, my fellow-citizens,
Look here on this Orestes, dead indeed
In feignèd craft, and by that feigning saved.

CHORUS

We see it, daughter; and at what has chanced
A tear of gladness trickles from our eyes.

ELECTRA

O offspring, offspring of a form most dear,

Ye came, ye came at last,
Ye found us, yea, ye came,
Ye saw whom ye desired.

ORESTES

Yes, we are come. Yet wait and hold thy peace.

ELECTRA

What now?

ORESTES

Silence is best, lest some one hear within.

ELECTRA

Nay, nay. By Artemis,
The ever-virgin One,
I shall not deign to dread
Those women there within,
With worthless burden still
Cumbering the ground.

ORESTES

See to it, for in women too there lives
The strength of battle. Thou hast proved it well.

ELECTRA [*sobbing*].

Ah, ah! Ah me!
There thou hast touched upon a woe unveiled,
That knows no healing, no,
Nor ever may be hid.

ORESTES

I know it well. But, when occasion bids,
Then shall we call those deeds to memory.

ELECTRA

All time for me is fit,
Yea, all, to speak of this,
With wrath as it deserves;
Till now I had scant liberty of speech.

ORESTES

There we are one. Preserve, then, what thou hast.

ELECTRA

And what, then, shall I do?

ORESTES

When time serves not,
Speak not o'ermuch.

ELECTRA

And who then worthily,
Now thou art come, would choose
Silence instead of speech?
For lo! I see thee now unlooked, unhoped for.

ORESTES

Then thou did'st see me here,
When the Gods urged my coming.

ELECTRA

Thou hast said
What mounts yet higher than thy former boon,
If God has sent thee forth
To this our home; I deem
The work as Heaven's own deed.

ORESTES

Loth am I to restrain thee in thy joy,
And yet I fear delight o'ermasters thee.

ELECTRA

O thou who after many a weary year
At last hast deigned to come,
(Oh, coming of great joy!)
Do not, thus seeing me
Involved in many woes, . . .

ORESTES

What is it that thou ask'st me not to do?

ELECTRA

Deprive me not, nor force me to forego
The joy supreme of looking on thy face.

ORESTES

I should be wroth with others who would force thee.

ELECTRA

Dost thou consent, then?

ORESTES

How act otherwise?

ELECTRA

Ah, friends, I heard a voice
Which never had I dreamt would come to me;
Then I kept in my dumb and passionate mood,
Nor cried I, as I heard;

But now I have thee; thou hast come to me
With face most precious, dear to look upon,
Which e'en in sorrow I can ne'er forget.

ORESTES

All needless words pass over. Tell me not
My mother's shame, nor how Ægisthos drains
My father's wealth, much wastes, and scatters much;
Much speech might lose occasion's golden hour;
But what fits in to this our present need,
That tell me, where, appearing or concealed,
We best shall check our boasting enemies,
In this our enterprise; so when we twain
Go to the palace, look to it, that she note not,
Thy mother, by thy blither face, our coming,
But mourn as for that sorrow falsely told.
When we have prospered, then shalt thou have leave
Freely to smile, and joy exultingly.

ELECTRA

Yes, brother dear! Whatever pleaseth thee,
That shall be my choice also, since my joy
I had not of mine own, but gained from thee,
Nor would I cause thee e'en a moment's pain,
Myself to reap much profit. I should fail,
So doing, to work His will who favours us.
What meets us next, thou knowest, dost thou not?
Ægisthos, as thou hearest, gone from home;

My mother there within, of whom fear not
Lest she should see my face look blithe with joy;
For my old hatred eats into my soul,
And, since I've seen thee, I shall never cease
To weep for very joy. How could I cease,
Who in this one short visit looked on thee
Dead, and alive again? Strange things to-day
Hast thou wrought out, so strange that should there come
My father, in full life, I should not deem
'Twas a mere marvel, but believe I saw him.
But, since thou com'st on such an enterprise,
Rule thou as pleases thee. Were I alone,
I had not failed of two alternatives,
Or nobly had I saved myself, or else
Had nobly perished.

ORESTES

Silence now is best;
I hear the steps of some one from within,
As if approaching.

From "Electra" by SOPHOCLES,
translated by E. H. Plumptre.

AT THE HOUSE OF HARDCASTLE

Mr. Marlow and Mr. Hastings are en route for the home of Mr. Hardcastle where Mr. Marlow is going to pay court to Miss Hardcastle when they meet Tony, Mr. Hardcastle's step-son. Tony assures them that they will have to spend the night at the inn before reaching their destination and points out the Hardcastle home which is very near as the inn. Hardcastle is astounded by their ill-breeding and they are convinced that he is the most impudent inn keeper that they have ever known.

Mrs. Hardcastle is the guardian of her niece, Miss Neville. She is anxious to make a match between Tony and Miss Neville for she is loath to let the Neville fortune pass out of the family. Tony who opposes the match is helping Hastings and Miss Neville to elope.

[*Enter* HARDCASTLE.]

HARDCASTLE. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter.—She will certainly be shocked at it.

[*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE *plainly dressed.*]

HARDCASTLE. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

MISS HARDCASTLE. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

HARDCASTLE. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

MISS HARDCASTLE. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description!

HARDCASTLE. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

MISS HARDCASTLE. I never saw anything like it—and a man of the world, too!

HARDCASTLE. Ay, he learned it all abroad. What a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

MISS HARDCASTLE. It seems all natural to him.

HARDCASTLE. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Sure, you mistake, papa! a French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

HARDCASTLE. Whose look? whose manner, child?

MISS HARDCASTLE. Mr. Marlow's; his *mauvaise honte,** his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

HARDCASTLE. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses!

MISS HARDCASTLE. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw anyone so modest.

HARDCASTLE. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson † was but a fool to him.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

HARDCASTLE. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

MISS HARDCASTLE. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

HARDCASTLE. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and

* Embarrassment.
† A ruffian or "hector" of Whitefriars.

never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

MISS HARDCASTLE. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

HARDCASTLE. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

HARDCASTLE. In one thing then we are agreed —to reject him.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

HARDCASTLE. If we should find him so— But that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

HARDCASTLE. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth

face stands for good sense and a genteel figure for every virtue.

MISS HARDCASTLE. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

HARDCASTLE. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

HARDCASTLE. Agreed. But depend on't I'm in the right.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And depend on't I'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter* TONY *running in with a casket.*]

TONY. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs,* and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. Oh, my genus, is that you?

[*Enter* HASTINGS.]

HASTINGS. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

* Pendants.

TONY. And here's something to bear your charges by the way. [*Giving the casket.*] Your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them, and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them!

HASTINGS. But how have you procured them from your mother?

TONY. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

HASTINGS. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

TONY. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head!

HASTINGS. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

TONY. Never you mind her resentment, leave *me* to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are! Morrice, Prance! *

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

* Both words here mean "hurry away."

[*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE *and* MISS NEVILLE.]

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels? It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

MISS NEVILLE. But what will repair beauty at forty will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my lady Killdaylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites * back?

MISS NEVILLE. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see, if with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear, does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

TONY. That's as thereafter may be.

MISS NEVILLE. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

* Marcasite is a mineral often mistaken for gold and silver ore.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut * things. They would make you look like the court of king Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

TONY. [*Apart to* MRS. HARDCASTLE.] Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them. Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. [*Apart to* TONY.] You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

TONY. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

MISS NEVILLE. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

MISS NEVILLE. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretense to deny me. I know they're

* *I. e.*, with flat upper surfaces, cut in angles only at the sides.

too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

TONY. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found, I'll take my oath on't!

MRS. HARDCASTLE. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am!

MISS NEVILLE. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them, and in the meantime you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

MISS NEVILLE. I detest garnets!

MRS. HARDCASTLE. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. *Exit.*

MISS NEVILLE. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir.—Was ever anything so provoking—to mislay my own jewels and force me to wear her trumpery?

TONY. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the

garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

MISS NEVILLE. My dear cousin!

TONY. Vanish! She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit* MISS NEVILLE.] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a Catharine wheel.*

[*Enter* MRS. HARDCASTLE.]

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone!

TONY. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

MRS. HARDCASTLE. We are robbed. My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone!

TONY. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

TONY. Stick to that; ha, ha, ha! stick to that.

* So named from the spiked wheel used in the martyrdom of St. Catherine of Alexandria.

I'll bear witness, you know, call me to bear witness.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

TONY. Sure I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

TONY. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

TONY. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of *her?* Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

MRS. HARDCASTLE. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

TONY. I can bear witness to that.

[*He runs off, she follows him.*

[*Enter* MISS HARDCASTLE *and* MAID.]

MISS HARDCASTLE. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

MAID. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid? He mistook you for the barmaid, madam!

MISS HARDCASTLE. Did he? Then as I live I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the *Beaux' Stratagem?* *

MAID. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

MAID. Certain of it!

MISS HARDCASTLE. I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked

* Comedy by George Farquhar. Cherry is the daughter of the landlord in the play.

up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

MAID. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

MISS HARDCASTLE. In the first place, I shall be *seen,* and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

MAID. But you are sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

MISS HARDCASTLE. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion * there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel.—The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour!

MAID. It will do, madam. But he's here.

[*Exit* MAID.

Enter MARLOW

MARLOW. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If

* In eighteenth-century inns rooms were generally named, instead of being numbered. "Angel" and "Lamb" are likewise names of rooms.

I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery,* there we have my hostess with her curtsey down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

MISS HARDCASTLE. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

MARLOW. [*Musing.*] As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Did your honour call? [*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

MARLOW. No, child. [*Musing.*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

MISS HARDCASTLE. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

MARLOW. No, no. [*Musing.*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets, and perusing.*]

MISS HARDCASTLE. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

MARLOW. I tell you, no.

MISS HARDCASTLE. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

MARLOW. No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in*

* Old inns had galleries, upon which the bedrooms opened, around a central yard. This was a feature of Mr. Hardcastle's house which made it look like an inn to the two strangers.

her face.] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted —I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

MISS HARDCASTLE. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

MARLOW. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it in the house?

MISS HARDCASTLE. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

MARLOW. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too!

MISS HARDCASTLE. Nectar?—nectar? that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

MARLOW. Of true English growth, I assure you.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

MARLOW. Eighteen years! Why one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

MISS HARDCASTLE. O sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

MARLOW. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. [*Approaching.*] Yet nearer I don't think so much. [*Approaching.*] By coming close to some women they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed— [*Attempting to kiss her.*]

MISS HARDCASTLE. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses', by mark of mouth.

MARLOW. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

MISS HARDCASTLE. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle that was here awhile ago in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked for all the world as if you was before a justice of peace.

MARLOW. [*Aside.*] Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. [*To her.*] In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no! I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little, but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

MISS HARDCASTLE. O then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

MARLOW. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me

to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town* I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons—Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*]

MISS HARDCASTLE. Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

MARLOW. Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Longhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin,† and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

MARLOW. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

MISS HARDCASTLE. And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

MARLOW. [*Aside.*] Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

MISS HARDCASTLE. I can't but laugh, to think

* The reference is to a club called the Female Coterie, in Albemarle Street. Men as well as women belonged to it.

† This is said to be an allusion to Miss Rachel Lloyd, a friend of Horace Walpole, who was also a member of the Club.

what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

MARLOW. [*Aside.*] All's well; she don't laugh at me. [*To her.*] Do *you* ever work, child?

MISS HARDCASTLE. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

MARLOW. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work you must apply to me.

[*Seizing her hand.*]

MISS HARDCASTLE. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*]

MARLOW. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance.—Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames-ace * three times following.

[*Exit* MARLOW.

[*Enter* HARDCASTLE, *who stands in surprise.*]

HARDCASTLE. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover. This is your humble admirer that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art

* To "nick seven" is to throw seven (a lucky throw) with the dice. "Ames-ace," properly ambs ace, two aces thrown together, is the lowest possible throw.

thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

MISS HARDCASTLE. Never trust me, dear papa, but he'll still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

HARDCASTLE. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

MISS HARDCASTLE. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

HARDCASTLE. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty. But my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

HARDCASTLE. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

MISS HARDCASTLE. Give me that hour then, and I hope to satisfy you.

HARDCASTLE. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

MISS HARDCASTLE. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. *Exeunt.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.
From "She Stoops to Conquer."

SAMSON AND DALILA

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition: where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson—which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption. At this point Dalila enters.

The scene is before the prison in Gaza.

CHORUS

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing,
Like a stately ship
Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
Of Javan or Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play;
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;
And now, at nearer view, no other certain
Than Dalila, thy wife.

SAMSON

My wife, my traitress, let her not come near me.

CHORUS

Yet on she moves; now stands and eyes thee fixed,
About t' have spoke; but now, with head declined,
Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,
And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,
Wetting the borders of her silken veil:
But now again she makes address to speak.

DALILA

With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson;
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge; yet, if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event than I foresaw),
My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

SAMSON

Out, out, hyæna! These are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee.
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray;
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconcilement move with feigned remorse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then, with more cautious and instructed skill,
Again transgresses, and again submits;
That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
With goodness principled not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
As I by thee, to ages an example.

DALILA

Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence,
But that, on th' other side, if it be weighed
By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
I may, if possible, thy pardon find
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex,
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity
To publish them, both common female faults;
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies revealed, and should not!
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness, then, with weakness come to parle,
So near related, or the same of kind;
Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,

The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy; feared lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna; sought by all means, therefore,
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
"Why, then, revealed?" I was assured by those
Who tempted me that nothing was designed
Against thee but safe custody and hold.
That made for me; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed;
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in Love's law have passed for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.

If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMSON

How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way—bitter reproach, but true;
I to myself was false ere thou to me.
Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly
Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
Confess it feigned; weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it; weakness to resist
Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,
What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,
With God or man will gain thee no remission.
But love constrained thee; call it furious rage
To satisfy thy lust: Love seeks to have love;
My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate,
Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed?
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DALILA

Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates
And princes of my country came in person,
Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,
Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
And of religion—pressed how just it was,
How honourable, how glorious to entrap
A common enemy, who had destroyed
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate,
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Or wisest men, that to the public good

Private respects must yield, with grave authority
Took full possession of me, and prevailed;
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

SAMSON

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end:
In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy.
But, had thy love, still odiously pretended,
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
I, before all the daughters of my tribe
And of my nation, chose thee from among
My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st;
Too well! unbosomed all my secrets to thee,
Not out of levity, but overpowered
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
Yet now am judged an enemy. Why, then,
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed:
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection, but my own;
Thou mine, not theirs: if aught against my life
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations;
No more thy country, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold their state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our country is a name so dear;

Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, gods cannot be:
Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared.
These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

DALILA

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMSON

For want of words, no doubt, or lack of breath!
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DALILA

I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best.
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson;
Afford me place to show what recompense
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided: only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
Where other senses want not their delights,
At home, in leisure and domestic ease,

Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad.
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide
With me, where my redoubled love and care,
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age,
With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

SAMSON

No, no! of my condition take no care;
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
Nor think me so unwary or accursed
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains,
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
No more on me have power; their force is nulled;
So much of adder's wisdom I have learnt
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone could hate me,
Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me,

How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
Deceivable, in most things as a child
Helpless, thence easily contemned and scorned,
And last neglected? How wouldn't thou insult,
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfect thraldom! how again betray me,
Bearing my words and doings to the lords
To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile?
This jail I count the house of liberty
To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

DALILA

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

SAMSON

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women, faithful wives;
Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold
Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

DALILA

I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,

Eternal tempest never to be calmed.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounced?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, th' other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight,
My name, perhaps, among the circumcised
In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
To all posterity may stand defamed,
With malediction mentioned, and the blot
Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
But in my country, where I most desire,
In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
I shall be named among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers.
Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim
Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,
Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed.
Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferred upon me for the piety

Which to my country I was judged to have
shown.
At this whoever envies or repines,
I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHORUS

She's gone—a manifest serpent by her sting
Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

JOHN MILTON
From "Samson Agonistes."

ROXANE AND CYRANO

Roxane is beloved of two men, Cyrano de Bergerac, whose ugliness amounts to a deformity, and Christian de Neuvillette, who is as handsome as a god and as stupid as he can very well be. He is as conscious of his stupidity as Cyrano is of his ugliness, and so begs Cyrano to write his letters to Roxane. Because of the brilliance of these letters Roxane falls in love (she thinks) with Christian. In the famous scene which follows, Cyrano renounces his hopes, not because he cares what happens to Christian but because he cares a great deal what happens to Roxane. Christian has decided that for once he will address himself directly to Roxane without any help from Cyrano.

Scene: ROXANE'S *house and the wall of her garden. Over the house-door, a balcony and window. A bench beside the doorstep by means of which the balcony can easily be scaled.*

CHRISTIAN. [*Catching sight of* ROXANE *who is coming out from* CLOMIRE'S *whose house is across the street.*] She is coming! Cyrano, no, do not leave me! . . .

CYRANO [*bowing to him*]. I will not meddle, Monsieur.

[*He disappears behind the garden wall.*]

ROXANE. *You are here!* [*She goes to him.*] Evening is closing round. . . . Wait! . . . They have all gone. . . . The air is so mild. . . . Not a passer in sight. . . . Let us sit here. . . . Talk! . . . I will listen.

CHRISTIAN [*sits beside her, on the bench. Silence.*] I love you.

ROXANE [*closing her eyes*]. Yes. Talk to me of love.

CHRISTIAN. I love you.

ROXANE. Yes. That is the theme. Play variations upon it.

CHRISTIAN. I love . . .

ROXANE. Variations!

CHRISTIAN. I love you so much . . .

ROXANE. I do not doubt it. What further? . . .

CHRISTIAN. And further. I should be so happy if you loved me! Tell me, Roxane, that you love me . . .

ROXANE [*pouting*]. You proffer cider to me when I was hoping for champagne! . . . Now tell me a little *how* you love me?

CHRISTIAN. Why . . . very, very much.

ROXANE. Oh! . . . unravel, disentangle your sentiments!

CHRISTIAN. Your throat! . . . I want to kiss it! . . .

ROXANE. Christian!

CHRISTIAN. I love you! . . .

ROXANE [*attempting to rise*]. Again! . . .

CHRISTIAN [*hastily, holding her back*]. No, I do not love you! . . .

ROXANE [*sitting down again*]. That is fortunate!

CHRISTIAN. I adore you!

ROXANE [*rising and moving away*]. Oh! . . .

CHRISTIAN. Yes, . . . love makes me into a fool!

ROXANE [*drily*]. And I am displeased at it! as I should be displeased at your no longer being handsome.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

ROXANE. Go, and rally your routed eloquence!

CHRISTIAN. I . . .

ROXANE. You love me. I have heard it. Good-evening. [*She goes toward the house.*]

CHRISTIAN. No, no, not yet! . . . I wish to tell you . . .

ROXANE [*pushing open the door to go in*]. That you adore me. Yes, I know. No! No! Go away! . . . Go! . . . Go! . . .

CHRISTIAN. But I . . .

[*She closes the door in his face.*]

CYRANO [*who has been on the scene a moment, unnoticed*]. Unmistakably a success.

CHRISTIAN. Help me!

CYRANO. No, sir, no.

CHRISTIAN. I will go kill myself if I am not taken back into favor at once . . . at once!

CYRANO. And how can I . . . how, the devil? . . . make you learn on the spot . . .

CHRISTIAN. [*seizing him by the arm*]. Oh, there! . . . Look! . . . See!

[*Light has appeared in the balcony window.*]

CYRANO [*with emotion*]. Her window!

CHRISTIAN. Oh, I shall die!

CYRANO. Not so loud!

CHRISTIAN [*in a whisper*]. I shall die!

CYRANO. It is a dark night. . . .

CHRISTIAN. Well?

CYRANO. All may be mended. But you do not deserve. . . . There! stand there, miserable boy! . . . in front of the balcony! I will stand under it and prompt you.

CHRISTIAN. But . . .

CYRANO. Do as I bid you!

THE PAGES [*reappearing at the back, to* CYRANO]. Hey!

CYRANO. Hush! [*He signs to them to lower their voices.*]

FIRST PAGE [*in a lower voice*]. We have finished serenading Montfleury!

CYRANO [*low, quickly*]. Go and stand out of sight. One at this street corner, the other at that; and if any one comes near, play! . . .

SECOND PAGE. What sort of tune, Monsieur the Gassendist?

CYRANO. Merry if it be a woman, mournful if it be a man. [*The* PAGES *disappear, one at*

each street corner. To CHRISTIAN.] Call her!

CHRISTIAN. Roxane!

CYRANO [*picking up pebbles and throwing them at the window-pane*]. Wait! A few pebbles . . .

ROXANE [*opening the window*]. Who is calling me?

CHRISTIAN. It is I . . .

ROXANE. Who is . . . I?

CHRISTIAN. Christian!

ROXANE [*disdainfully*]. Oh, you!

CHRISTIAN. I wish to speak with you.

CYRANO [*under the balcony, to* CHRISTIAN]. Speak low! . . .

ROXANE. No, your conversation is too common. You may go home!

CHRISTIAN. In mercy! . . .

ROXANE. No . . . you do not love me any more!

CHRISTIAN [*whom* CYRANO *is prompting*]. You accuse me . . . just Heaven! of loving you no more. . . . when I can love you no more!

ROXANE [*who was about to close her window, stopping*]. Ah, that is a little better!

CHRISTIAN. [*same business*]. To what a . . . size has Love grown in my . . . sigh-rocked soul which the . . . cruel cherub has chosen for his cradle!

ROXANE [*stepping nearer to the edge of the balcony*]. That is distinctly better! . . . But,

since he is so cruel, this Cupid, you were unwise not to smother him in his cradle!

CHRISTIAN [*same business*]. I tried to, but, Madame, the . . . attempt was futile. This . . . new-born Love is . . . a little Hercules . . .

ROXANE. Much, much better!

CHRISTIAN [*same business*]. . . . Who found it merest baby-play to . . . strangle the serpents . . . twain, Pride and . . . Mistrust.

ROXANE [*leaning her elbows on the balcony-rail*]. Ah, that is very good indeed! . . . But why do you speak so slowly and stintedly? Has your imagination gout in its wings?

CYRANO [*drawing* CHRISTIAN *under the balcony, and taking his place*]. Hush! It is becoming too difficult!

ROXANE. To-night your words come falteringly. . . . Why is it?

CYRANO [*talking low like* CHRISTIAN]. Because of the dark. They have to grope to find your ear.

ROXANE. My words do not find the same difficulty.

CYRANO. They reach their point at once? Of course they do! That is because I catch them with my heart. My heart, you see, is very large, your ear particularly small. . . . Besides, your words drop . . . that goes quickly; mine have to climb . . . and that takes longer!

ROXANE. They have been climbing more nimbly, however, in the last few minutes.

CYRANO. They are becoming used to this gymnastic feat!

ROXANE. It is true that I am talking with you from a very mountain top!

CYRANO. It is sure that a hard word dropped from such a height upon my heart would shatter it!

ROXANE [*with the motion of leaving*]. I will come down.

CYRANO [*quickly*]. Do not!

ROXANE [*pointing at the bench at the foot of the balcony*]. Then do you get up on the seat! . . .

CYRANO [*drawing away in terror*]. No.

ROXANE. How do you mean . . . no?

CYRANO [*with ever-increasing emotion*]. *Let* us profit a little by this chance of talking softly together without seeing each other . . .

ROXANE. Without seeing each other? . . .

CYRANO. Yes, to my mind, delectable! Each guesses at the other, and no more. You discern but the trailing blackness of a mantle, and I a dawn-grey glimmer which is a summer gown. I am a shadow merely, a pearly phantom are you! you can never know what these moments are to me! If ever I was eloquent . . .

ROXANE. You were!

CYRANO. My words never till now surged from my very heart . . .

ROXANE. And why?

CYRANO. Because, till now, they must strain to reach you through . . .

ROXANE. What?

CYRANO. Why, the bewildering emotion a man feels who sees you, and whom you look upon! . . . But this evening, it seems to me that I am speaking to you for the first time!

ROXANE. It is true that your voice is altogether different.

CYRANO [*coming nearer, feverishly*]. Yes, altogether different, because, protected by the dark, I dare at last to be myself. I dare . . . [*He stops, and distractedly.*] What was I saying? . . . I do not know . . . All this . . . forgive my incoherence! . . . is so delicious . . . is so new to me!

ROXANE. So new? . . .

CYRANO *in extreme confusion, still trying to mend his expressions*]. So new . . . yes, new, to be sincere; the fear of being mocked always constrains my heart . . .

ROXANE. Mocked . . . for what?

CYRANO. Why, . . . for its impulses, its flights! . . . Yes, my heart always cowers behind the defence of my wit. I set forth to capture a star . . . and then, for dread of laughter, I stop and pick a flower . . . of rhetoric!

ROXANE. That sort of flower has its pleasing points . . .

CYRANO. But yet, to-night, let us scorn it!

ROXANE. Never before had you spoken as you are speaking! . . .

CYRANO. Ah, if far from Cupid-darts and quivers, we might seek a place of somewhat fresher things! If instead of drinking, flat sip by sip, from a chiselled golden thimble, drops distilled and dulcified, we might try the sensation of quenching the thirst of our souls by stooping to the level of the great river, and setting our lips to the stream!

ROXANE. But yet, wit . . . fancy . . . delicate conceits. . . .

CYRANO. I gave my fancy leave to frame conceits, before, to make you linger, . . . but now it would be an affront to this balm-breathing night, to Nature and the hour, to talk like characters in a pastoral performed at Court! . . . Let us give Heaven leave, looking at us with all its earnest stars, to strip us of disguise and artifice: I fear, . . . oh, fear . . . lest in our mistaken alchemy sentiment should be subtilized to evaporation; lest the life of the heart should waste in these empty pastimes, and the final refinement of the fine be the undoing of the refined!

ROXANE. But yet, wit, . . . aptness, . . . ingenuity . . .

CYRANO. I hate them in love! Criminal, when

one loves, to prolong overmuch that paltry thrust and parry! The moment, however, comes inevitably,—and I pity those for whom it never comes!—in which, we apprehending the noble depth of the love we harbor, a shallow word hurts us to utter!

ROXANE. If . . . if, then, that moment has come for us two, what words will you say to me?

CYRANO. All those, all those, all those that come to me! Not in formal nosegay order, . . . I will throw them you in a wild sheaf! I love you, choke with love, I love you, dear. . . . My brain reels, I can bear no more, it is too much. . . . Your name is in my heart the golden clapper in a bell; and as I know no rest, Roxane, always the heart is shaken, and ever rings your name! . . . Of you, I remember all, all have I loved! Last year, one day, the twelfth of May, in going out at morning you changed the fashion of your hair. . . . I have taken the light of your hair for my light, and as having stared too long at the sun, on everything one sees a scarlet wheel, on everything when I came from my chosen light, my dazzled eye sets swimming golden blots! . . .

ROXANE [*in a voice unsteady with emotion*]. Yes . . . this is love . . .

CYRANO. Ah, verily! The feeling which invades me, terrible and jealous, is love . . . with all its mournful frenzy! It is love, yet self-

forgetting more than the wont of love! Ah, for your happiness now readily would I give mine, though you should never know it, might I but, from a distance, sometimes, hear the happy laughter bought by my sacrifice! Every glance of yours breeds in me new strength, new valour! Are you beginning to understand? Tell me, do you grasp my love's measure? Does some little part of my soul make itself felt of you there in the darkness? . . . Oh, what is happening to me this evening is too sweet, too deeply dear! I tell you all these things, and you listen to me, you! Not in my least modest hoping did I ever hope so much! I have now only to die! It is because of words of mine that she is trembling among the dusky branches! For you are trembling, like a flower among leaves! Yes, you tremble, . . . for whether you will or no, I have felt the worshipped trembling of your hand all along this thrilled and blissful jasmin-bough! [*He madly kisses the end of a pendant bough.*]

ROXANE. Yes, I tremble . . . and weep . . . and love you . . . and am yours! . . . For you have carried me away . . . away! . . .

CYRANO. Then, let death come! I have moved you, I! . . . There is but one thing more I ask . . .

CHRISTIAN [*under the balcony*]. A kiss!

ROXANE [*drawing hastily back*]. What!

CYRANO. Oh!

ROXANE. You ask? . . .

CYRANO. Yes . . . I . . . [*To* CHRISTIAN.] You are in too great haste!

CHRISTIAN. Since she is so moved, I must take advantage of it!

[CYRANO *to* ROXANE]. I . . . Yes, it is true I asked . . . but, merciful heavens! . . . I knew at once that I had been too bold.

ROXANE. [*a shade disappointed*]. You insist no more than so?

CYRANO. Indeed, I insist . . . without insisting! Yes! yes! but your modesty shrinks! . . . I insist, but yet . . . the kiss I begged . . . refuse it me!

CHRISTIAN [*to* CYRANO, *pulling at his mantle*]. Why?

CYRANO. Hush, Christian!

ROXANE [*bending over the balcony-rail*] What are you whispering?

CYRANO. Reproaches to myself for having gone too far; I was saying "Hush, Christian!" [*The theorbos are heard playing*]. Your pardon! . . . a second! . . . Someone is coming!

[ROXANE *closes the window.* CYRANO *listens to the theorbos, one of which plays a lively, and the other a lugubrious tune.*]

CYRANO. A dance? . . . A dirge? . . . What do they mean? is it a man or a woman? . . . Ah, it is a monk!

[*Enter a* CAPUCHIN MONK, *who goes from*

house to house, with a lantern, examining the doors.]

CYRANO [*to* THE CAPUCHIN]. What are you looking for, Diogenes?

THE CAPUCHIN. I am looking for the house of Madame . . .

CHRISTIAN. He is in the way!

THE CAPUCHIN. Magdeleine Robin . . .

CYRANO [*pointing up one of the streets*]. This way! . . . Straight ahead . . . go straight ahead . . .

THE CAPUCHIN. I thank you. I will say ten Aves for your peace. [*Exit.*]

CYRANO. My good wishes speed your cowl! [*He comes forward toward* CHRISTIAN.]

CHRISTIAN. Insist upon the kiss! . . .

CYRANO. No, I will not!

CHRISTIAN. Sooner or later . . .

CYRANO. It is true! It must come, the moment of inebriation when your lips shall imperiously be impelled toward each other, because the one is fledged with youthful gold and the other is so soft a pink! . . . [*To himself.*] I had rather it should be because . . . [*Sound of the window reopening;* CHRISTIAN *hides under the balcony*].

ROXANE [*stepping forward on the balcony*]. Are you there? We were speaking of . . . of . . . of a . . .

CYRANO. Kiss. The word is sweet. Why does your fair lip stop at it? If the mere word burns

it, what will be of the thing itself? Do not make it into a fearful matter, and then fear? Did you not a moment ago insensibly leave playfulness behind and slip without trepidation from a smile to a sigh, from a sigh to a tear? Slip but a little further in the same blessed direction: from a tear to a kiss there is scarcely a dividing shiver!

ROXANE. Say no more!

CYRANO. A kiss! When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot upon the letter i in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavour of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!

ROXANE. Say no more . . . no more!

CYRANO. A kiss, Madame, is a thing so noble that the Queen of France, on the most fortunate of lords, bestowed one, did the queen herself!

ROXANE. If that be so . . .

CYRANO [*with increasing fervour*]. Like Buckingham I have suffered in long silence, like him I worship a queen, like him I am sorrowful and unchanging . . .

ROXANE. Like him you enthrall through the eyes the heart that follow you!

CYRANO [*to himself, sobered*]. True, I am handsome . . . I had forgotten!

ROXANE. Come then and gather it, the supreme flower . . .

CYRANO [*pushing* CHRISTIAN *toward the balcony*]. Go!

ROXANE . . . tasting of the heart.

CYRANO. Go! . . .

ROXANE. . . . murmuring like a bee.

CYRANO. Go! . . .

CHRISTIAN [*hesitating*]. But now I feel as if I ought not!

ROXANE. . . . making Eternity an instant. . .

CYRANO [*pushing* CHRISTIAN]. Scale the balcony, you donkey!

[CHRISTIAN *springs toward the balcony, and climbs by means of the bench, the vine, the posts and balusters*].

CHRISTIAN. Ah, Roxane! [*He clasps her to him, and bends over her lips*].

CYRANO. Ha! . . . What a turn of the screw to my heart! . . . Kiss, banquet of Love at which I am Lazarus, a crumb drops from your table even to me, here in the shade. . . . Yes, in my outstretched heart a little falls, as I feel that upon the lip pressing her lip Roxane kisses the words spoken by me!

From "Cyrano de Bergerac"
by EDMOND ROSTAND.

BRÜNNHILDE AND WOTAN

Disobeying the command of Wotan, the king of the gods, Brünhilde has helped Siegmund in battle and has saved the life of his bride, Sieglinde who is to become the mother of Siegfried. The Valkyries are gathering after the battle each one bringing a warrior whom she has rescued.

The scene is on the top of a rocky mountain.

On the right the stage is bounded by a pine-wood. On the left is the entrance to a cave, above which the rock rises to its highest point. At the back the view is quite open. Rocks of varying heights form the edge of the precipice. Clouds fly at intervals past the mountain peak as if driven by storm. Four of the Valkyries, Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute, and Schwertleite have taken up their position on the rocky peak above the cave. They are in full armour.

GERHILDE

[*On the highest point, calling towards the background, where a dense cloud is passing.*]

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Helmwige! Here!
Guide hither thy horse!

HELMWIGE'S VOICE

[*At the back.*]

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

[*A flash of lightning comes from the cloud, showing a Valkyrie on horseback, on whose saddle hangs a slain warrior. The apparition, approaching the cliff, passes from left to right.*

GERHILDE, WALTRAUTE, AND SCHWERTLEITE

[*Calling to her as she draws near.*]

Heiaha! Heiaha!

[*The cloud with the apparition vanishes to the right behind the wood.*

ORTLINDE

[*Calling into the wood.*]

Thy stallion make fast
By Ortlinde's mare;
Gladly my grey
Will graze by thy chestnut!

WALTRAUTE

[*Calling towards the wood.*]

Who hangs at thy saddle?

HELMWIGE

[*Coming out of the wood.*]

Sintolt, the Hegeling!

SCHWERTLEITE

Fasten thy chestnut
Far from the grey then;
Ortlinde's mare
Carries Wittig, the Irming!

GERHILDE

[*Descending a little towards the others.*]
And Sintolt and Wittig
Always were foemen!

ORTLINDE

[*Springs up and runs to the wood.*]
Heiaha! Heiaha!
The horse is kicking my mare!

GERHILDE

[*Laughing aloud with* HELMWIGE *and* SCHWERTLEITE.]
The heroes' feud
Makes foes of the horses!

HELMWIGE

[*Calling back into the wood.*]
Quiet, Brownie!
Pick not a quarrel.

WALTRAUTE

[*On the highest point, where listening towards the right she has taken* GERHILDE'S *place as watcher, calling towards the right-hand side of the background.*]

Hoioho! Hoioho!
Siegrune, come!
What keeps thee so long?

SIEGRUNE'S VOICE
[*From the back in the right.*]
Work to do.
Are the others all there?

THE VALKYRIES
[*In answer, their gestures, as well as a bright light behind the wood, showing that* SIEGRUNE *has just arrived there.*

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!

GRIMGERDE'S AND ROSSWEISSE'S VOICES
[*From the back on the left.*]
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

WALTRAUTE
[*Towards the left.*]
Grimgerd and Rossweisse!

GERHILDE
Together they ride.
[*In a cloud which passes across the stage from the left, and from which lightning flashes,* ROSSWEISSE *and* GRIMGERDE *appear, also on horseback, each carrying a slain warrior on her saddle.*

HELMWIGE, ORTLINDE, AND SIEGRUNE
[*Have come out of the wood and wave their hands from the edge of the precipice to* ROSSWEISSE *and* GRIMGERDE, *who disappear behind the wood.*]
We greet you, valiant ones!
Rossweiss and Grimgerde!

ROSSWEISSE'S AND GRIMGERDE'S VOICES
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

ALL THE OTHER VALKYRIES
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!

GERHILDE
[*Calling into the wood.*]
Your horses lead into
The wood to rest!

ORTLINDE
[*Also calling into the wood.*]
Lead the mares far off
One from the other,
Until our heroes'
Anger is laid!

HELMWIGE
[*The others laughing.*]
The grey has paid
For the heroes' anger.

ROSSWEISSE AND GRIMGERDE
[*Coming out of the wood.*]
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!

THE VALKYRIES
Be welcomed! Be welcomed!

SCHWERTLEITE
Went ye twain on one quest?

GRIMGERDE
No, singly we rode,
And met but to-day.

ROSSWEISSE
If we all are assembled
Why linger longer?
To Walhall let us away,
Bringing to Wotan the slain.

HELMWIGE
We are but eight;
Wanting is one.

GERHILDE
By the brown-eyed Wälsung
Brünnhilde tarries.

WALTRAUTE
Until she joins us
Here we must wait;
Warfather's greeting
Grim were indeed

If we returned without her!

SIEGRUNE

[*On the look-out, calling towards the back.*]
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
This way! This way!
[*To the others.*
In hottest haste riding,
Hither she comes.

THE VALKYRIES

[*All hasten to the look-out.*]
Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!
Brünnhilde, hei!
[*They watch her with growing astonishment.*

WALTRAUTE

See, she leads woodward
Her staggering horse.

GRIMGERDE

From swift riding
How Grane pants!

ROSSWEISSE

No Valkyrie's flight
Ever so fast was.

ORTLINDE

What lies on her saddle?

HELMWIGE

That is no man!

SIEGRUNE

'Tis a woman, see!

GERHILDE

Where found she the maid?

SCHWERTLEITE

Has she no greeting
For her sisters?

WALTRAUTE

[*Calling down very loudly.*]
Heiaha! Brünnhilde!
Dost thou not hear?

ORTLINDE

From her horse
Let us help our sister.

[HELMWIGE *and* GERHILDE *run to the wood, followed by* SIEGRUNE *and* ROSSWEISSE.

THE VALKYRIES

Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha!

WALTRAUTE

[*Looking into the wood.*]
To earth has sunk
Grane the strong one!

GRIMGERDE

From the saddle swift
She snatches the maid.

THE OTHER VALKYRIES
[*Running to the wood.*]
Sister! Sister!
What has occurred?
[*The Valkyries all return to the stage;* BRÜNNHILDE *accompanies them, leading and supporting* SIEGLINDE.

BRÜNNHILDE
[*Breathless.*]
Shield me and help
In dire distress!

THE VALKYRIES
Whence rodest thou hither,
Hasting so hard?
Thus ride they only who flee.

BRÜNNHILDE
I flee for the first time
And am pursued:
Warfather follows close.

THE VALKYRIES
[*Terribly alarmed.*]
Hast thou gone crazy?
Speak to us! What?
Pursued by Warfather?
Flying from him?

BRÜNNHILDE
[*Turns and looks out anxiously, then comes back.*]
O sisters, spy

From the rocky peak!
Look north and tell me
If Warfather nears!

[ORTLINDE *and* WALTRAUTE *spring up the peak to the look-out.*
Quick! Is he in sight?

ORTLINDE
A storm from the north
Is nearing.

WALTRAUTE
Darkly the clouds
Congregate there.

THE VALKYRIES
Warfather, riding
His sacred steed, comes!

BRÜNNHILDE
The wrathful hunter,
He rides from the north;
He nears, he nears, in fury!
Save this woman!
Sisters your help!

THE VALKYRIES
What threatens the woman?

BRÜNNHILDE
Hark to me quickly!
Sieglinde this is,
Siegmund's sister and bride.

Wotan his fury
Against the Wälsungs has turned.
He told me
That to-day I must fail
The brother in strife;
But with my shield
I guarded him safe,
Daring the God,
Who slew him himself with his speàr.
Siegmund fell;
But I fled,
Bearing his bride.
To protect her
And from the stroke
Of his wrath to hide,
I hastened, O my sisters, to you!

THE VALKYRIES
[*Full of fear.*]

O foolish sister,
How mad thy deed!
Woe's me! Woe's me!
Brünnhilde, lost one!
Mocked, disobeyed
By Brünnhilde
Warfather's holy command!

WALTRAUTE
[*On the look-out.*]

Darkness comes
From the north like the night.

ORTLINDE

[*On the look-out.*]

Hither steering,
Rages the storm.

ROSSWEISSE, GRIMGERDE, AND SCHWERTLEITE

Wildly neighs
Warfather's horse!

HELMWIGE, GERHILDE, AND SIEGRUNE

Panting, snorting it comes!

BRÜNNHILDE

Woe to the woman
If here she is found,
For Wotan has vowed
The Wälsungs shall perish!
The horse that is swiftest
Which of you lends,
That forth the woman may fly?

SIEGRUNE

Wouldst have us too
Madly rebel?

BRÜNNHILDE

Rossweisse, sister,
Wilt lend me thy racer!

ROSSWEISSE

The fleet one from Wotan
Never yet fled.

BRÜNNHILDE

Helmwige, hear me!

HELMWIGE

I flout not our father.

BRÜNNHILDE

Waltraute! Gerhilde!
Give me your horse!
Schwertleite! Siegrune!
See my distress!
Stand by me now
Because of our love:
Rescue this woman in woe!

SIEGLINDE

[*Who until now has been staring gloomily and coldly before her, starts up with a repellent gesture as* BRÜNNHILDE *encircles her with a warm, protective embrace.*]

Concern thyself not about me;
Death is all that I crave.
From off the field
Who bade thee thus bear me?
For there perchance
By the selfsame weapon
That struck down Siegmund
I too had died,
Made one with him
In the hour of death.
Far from Siegmund—
Siegmund, from thee!

O cover me, Death,
From the sorrow!
Wouldst thou not have me
Curse thee for flying?
Thou must hearken, maid, to my prayer:
Pierce thou my heart with thy sword!

BRÜNNHILDE
[*Impressively.*]

Live for the sake
Of thy love, O woman!
Rescue the pledge
Thou has gotten from him:
The Wälsung's child thou shalt bear!

SIEGLINDE
[*Gives a violent start; suddenly her face beams with sublime joy.*]

Save me, ye bold ones!
Rescue my child!
Shelter me, maidens,
And strong be your shield!
[*An ever-darkening thunder storm nears from the back.*

WALTRAUTE
[*On the look-out.*]

The storm has drawn nigh.

ORTLINDE

Fly, all who fear it!

THE VALKYRIES

Hence with the woman;
Here she is lost:
The Valkyries dare not
Shield her from doom!

SIEGLINDE

[*On her knees before* BRÜNNHILDE.]
Save me, O maid!
Rescue the mother!

BRÜNNHILDE

[*Raises* SIEGLINDE *with sudden resolve.*]
Away then, and swiftly!
Alone thou shalt fly.
I—stay in thy stead,
Victim of Wotan's anger.
I will hold here
The God in his wrath,
Till I know thee past reach of his rage.

SIEGLINDE

Say, whither shall my flight be?

BRÜNNHILDE

Which of you, sisters,
Eastward has journeyed?

SIEGRUNE

A forest stretches
Far in the east;
The Nibelung's hoard
By Fafner thither was borne.

SCHWERTLEITE

There as a dread
Dragon he sojourns,
And in a cave
Keeps watch over Alberich's ring.

GRIMGERDE

'Tis uncanny there
For a woman's home.

BRÜNNHILDE

And yet from Wotan's wrath
Shelter sure were the wood;
For he both fears
And keeps far from the place.

WALTRAUTE

[*On the look-out.*]

Raging, Wotan
Rides to the rock!

THE VALKYRIES

Brünnhilde, hark!
Like a storm-wind he comes!

BRÜNNHILDE

[*Urgently.*]

Flee then swiftly,
Thy face to the east!
Boldly enduring,
Defy every ill—
Hunger and thirst,

Briar and stone;
Laugh, whether gnawed
By anguish or want!
For one thing know
And hold to always—
The world's most glorious hero
Hideth, O woman, thy sheltering womb!
[*She takes the pieces of* SIEGMUND'S *sword from under her breast-plate and gives them to* SIEGLINDE.
The splintered sword's pieces
Guard securely;
From the field where slain was
His father I brought them.
And now I name
Him who one day
The sword new-welded shall swing—
"Siegfried" rejoice and prevail!

SIEGLINDE
[*Greatly moved.*]
Sublimest wonder!
Glorious maid!
From thee high solace
I have received!
For him whom we loved
I save the beloved one.
May my thanks one day
Sweet reward bring!
Fare thou well!
Be blest by Sieglind' in woe!

[*She hastens away to the right in front. The rocky peak is surrounded by black thunder-clouds. A fearful storm rages from the back. A fiery glow increases in strength to the right.*

WOTAN'S VOICE

Stay, Brünnhilde!

ORTLINDE AND WALTRAUTE

[*Coming down from the look-out.*]

The rock is reached
By horse and rider!

[BRÜNNHILDE, *after following* SIEGLINDE *with her eyes for a while, goes towards the background, looks into the wood, and comes forward again fearfully.*

THE VALKYRIES

Woe, Woe! Brünnhilde!
Vengeance he brings!

BRÜNNHILDE

Ah, sisters, help!
My courage fails!
His wrath will crush me
Unless ye ward off its weight.

THE VALKYRIES

[*Fly towards the rocky point in fear, drawing* BRÜNNHILDE *with them.*]

This way, then, lost one!
Hide from his sight!

Cling closely to us,
And heed not his call!

[*They hide* BRÜNNHILDE *in their midst and look anxiously towards the wood, which is now lit up by a bright fiery glow, while in the background it has grown quite dark.*

Woe! Woe!
Raging, Wotan
Swings from his horse!
Hither hastes
His foot for revenge!

WOTAN

[*Comes from the wood in a terrible state of wrath and excitement and goes towards the* VALKYRIES *on the height, looking angrily for* BRÜNNHILDE.]

Where is Brünnhilde?
Where is the guilty one?
Would ye defy me
And hide the rebel?

THE VALKYRIES

Fearful and loud thy rage is!
By what misdeed have thy daughters
Vexed and provoked thee
To terrible wrath?

WOTAN

Fools, would ye flout me?
Have a care, rash ones!

I know: Brünnhilde
Fain ye would hide.
Leave her, the lost one
Cast off for ever,
Even as she
Cast off her worth!

THE VALKYRIES

To us fled the pursued one,
In her need praying for help,
Dismayed and fearful,
Dreading thy wrath.
For our trembling sister
Humbly we beg
That thy first wild rage be calmed.

WOTAN

Weak-hearted
And womanish brood!
Is this your valour,
Given by me?
For this have I reared you
Bold for the fight,
Made you relentless
And hard of heart
That ye wild ones might weep and whine
When my wrath on a faithless one falls?
Learn, wretched whimperers,
What was the crime
Of her for whom
Ye are shedding those tears.

No one but she
Knew what most deeply I brooded;
No one but she
Pierced to the source of my being;
Through her deeds
All, I wished to be, came to birth.
This sacred bond
So completely she broke
That she defied me,
Opposing my will,
Her master's command
Openly mocked,
And against me pointed the spear
That she held from me alone.
Hearest, Brünnhilde?
Thou who didst hold
Thy helm and spear,
Grace and delight,
Life and name as my gift!
Hearing my voice thus accusing,
Dost hide from me in terror,
A coward who shirks her doom?

BRÜNNHILDE

[*Steps out from the band of* VALKYRIES, *and humbly but with a firm step descends from the rocky peak until within a short distance from* WOTAN.]

Here I am, Father,
Awaiting thy sentence!

WOTAN

I—sentence thee not;
Thou hast shaped thy doom for thyself.
Through my will only
Wert thou at all,
Yet against my will thou hast worked;
Thy part it was
To fulfill my commands,
Yet against me thou hast commanded;
Wish-maid
Thou wert to me,
Yet thy wish has dared to cross mine;
Shield-maid
Thou wert to me,
Yet against me raised was thy shield;
Lot-chooser
Thou wert to me:
Against me the lot thou hast chosen;
Hero-rouser
Thou wert to me:
Thou hast roused up heroes against me.
What once thou wert
Wotan has told thee:
What thou art now,
Demand of thyself!
Wish-maid thou art no more;
Valkyrie thou art no longer:—
What now thou art
For aye thou shalt be!

BRÜNNHILDE
[*Greatly terrified.*]

Thou dost cast me off?
Ah, can it be so?

WOTAN

No more shall I send thee from Walhall
To seek upon fierce
Fields for the slain;
With heroes no more
Shalt thou fill my hall:
When the high Gods sit at banquet,
No more shalt thou pour
The wine in my horn;
No more shall I kiss
The mouth of my child.
Among heaven's hosts
Numbered no longer,
Outcast art thou
From the kinship of Gods;
Our bond is broken in twain,
And from my sight henceforth thou now art banned.

THE VALKYRIES

[*Leave their places in the excitement, and come a little farther down the rocks.*]
Woe's me! Woe!
Sister! O sister!

BRÜNNHILDE

All that thou gavest
Thou dost recall?

WOTAN

Conquering thee, one shall take all!
For here on the rock
Bound thou shalt be,
Defenceless in sleep,
Charmed and enchained;
The man who chances this way
And awakes her, shall master the maid.

THE VALKYRIES

[*Come down from the height in great excitement, and in terrified groups surround* BRÜNNHILDE, *who lies half kneeling before* WOTAN.]
O stay, Father!
The sentence recall.
Shall the maiden droop
And be withered by man?
O dread one, avert thou
The crying disgrace:
For as sisters share we her shame.

WOTAN

Have ye not heard
Wotan's decree?

From out your band
Shall your traitorous sister be banished,
No more to ride
Through the clouds her swift steed to the battle;
Her maidenhood's flower
Will fade away;
Her grace and her favour
Her husband's will be;
Her husband will rule her
And she will obey;
Beside the hearth she will spin,
To all mockers a mark for scorn.
[BRÜNNHILDE *sinks with a cry to the ground.*
THE VALKYRIES, *horror-stricken, recoil from her violently.*
Fear ye her fate?
Then fly from the lost one!
Swiftly forsake
And flee from her far!
Let one but venture
Near her to linger,
Seek to befriend her,
Defying my will—
The fool shall share the same doom:
I warn you, ye bold ones, well!
Up and away!
Hence, and return not!
Get ye gone at a gallop,
Trouble is rife else for you here!

THE VALKYRIES

[*Separate with a wild cry and rush into the wood.*] Woe! Woe!

[*Black clouds settle thickly on the cliff; a rushing sound is heard in the wood. From the clouds breaks a vivid flash of lightning, by which* THE VALKYRIES *are seen packed closely together, and riding wildly away with loose bridles. The storm soon subsides; the thunder-clouds gradually disperse. In the following scene the weather becomes fine again and twilight falls, followed at the close by night.*

From "The Valkyrie" by
RICHARD WAGNER,
translated by Margaret Armour.

THE END